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England and America. III, by Walter Lippmann, on page 662

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Entropy

"SUPPOSE that we were asked to arrange the following in two categories—
distance, mass, electric force, entropy,
beauty, melody.

I think there are the strongest grounds for placing entropy alongside beauty and melody, and not with the first three. Entropy is only found when the parts are viewed in association, and it is by viewing or hearing the parts in association that beauty and melody are discerned. All three are features of arrangement. It is a pregnant thought that one of these three associates should be able to figure as a commonplace quantity of science. The reason . . . it is able to speak . . . the languages of arithmetic" is "There is a side of our personality which impels us to dwell on beauty and other esthetic significances in Nature, and in the work of man. . . . An overwhelming feeling tells us that this is right and indispensable. . . . But is it rational? How can reason regard it otherwise than as a perverse misrepresentation of what is after all only a collection of atoms, ether-waves, and the like, going about their business? If the physicist as advocate for reason takes this line, just whisper to him the word Entropy."

* * *

But what is this magic entropy which A. S. Eddington, the Cambridge physicist and astronomer in his most interesting book, "The Nature of the Physical World," holds as a caveat against mechanistic materialism? "The practical measure of the random element which can increase in the universe but can never decrease is called *entropy*. Measuring by entropy is the same as measuring by . . . chance." The increase of the element of chance in the universe, as the amœba becomes man or the rock breaks and engenders heat, continually increases. We can arrest it in parts as when we organize energy in a steam engine, but cannot turn it into a decrease. Entropy is linked with the sense of becoming, which is our intuitive measure of time. And becoming is a "true mental insight into the physical condition which determines it." Entropy is the only means of proving that the development of the world, growth, life, evolution, is irreversible. It is time's arrow. It is not one of those primary laws of the universe upon which we were all brought up, and which now shake and fall with each new publication of Einstein, but merely a statement of mathematical probability. Nothing is impossible any more, but one thing at least is so absurdly improbable that we can assume that it will never happen. A pack of a million million cards once shuffled never organizes itself again until its elements become indivisible—and then time ceases. Change, which is a shuffling of the universe, can never, except by absurd improbability, go back to the original organization. Such a "fortuitous concourse of atoms" as the materialists have been calling the world can be conceived of, but only as a "scientific rarity" with no relation to experience. Entropy is the only measure of time, and implies an organization in which the element of chance can be introduced.

* * *

It may well be that, as Eddington says, entropy, this one deducible measure of the universe which holds, is of no use to the artist. But it is clear that it is of immense use to the critic. For entropy means that science has to do with organization, not merely with particles, that in measuring the change in organization it must assume an organization to change from. In a picture for example, while science is not concerned with the esthetic effect of the whole, it cannot concern itself merely with the analysis of paint into atoms. It can measure the change in organization when the painter by his conception introduces new elements into the canvas. Chance increases. Entropy is only measurement but it implies that our intuition of a development, a change not merely accidental in the world, has a definite relation to reality. "I am not trying to argue," says Eddington, "that there is in the external world an objective entity which is the picture as distinct from the myriads of particles into which science has analyzed it. I doubt if this statement has any meaning." But there is beauty, organization, development, which we feel, and which is "not warranted by anything found in the scientific inventory of its structure." Entropy proves that this conclusion is more rational than the opposite idea that change (and hence organization) does not really exist.

We have no intention, or at the moment, no competence, to develop the implications for thinking of this "secondary law of thermodynamics" which apparently is a graspable certainty in physical science.

(*Continued on page* 660)

Heritage

By WILBERT SNOW

THEY made their graveyards on the hill,
Their houses just below,
And something from the tombs came down
The slope long years ago;

It fastened on the cellar walls,
It climbed the rough-hewn beams
Clear to the attic, back again,
And mildewed in the seams,—

Till those who called these dwellings home
Saw the dark spate leave behind
A tiny fringe of graveyard loam
Upon New England's mind.

This Week

"The Brownings."
Reviewed by DESMOND MACCARTHY.

"Memories of J. M. Dent."
Reviewed by GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

"Believe It or Not."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"Expiation."
Reviewed by GRACE FRANK.

"Seeing's Believing."
Reviewed by JOHN CARTER.

"The Amazing Life of John Law."
Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON.

"My Brother Jonathan."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

Translations from the Chinese.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

John Ruskin's Tragedy.
By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

Romance*

By DESMOND MACCARTHY

"SATURDAY, Septr. 12, 1846 ¼11—11¼ a. m. (91)." These few words and figures scribbled down by Robert Browning are the record of the climax of his life, of "a great moment" in it such as he often celebrated in verse as the test of manhood and the crown of existence. They record the date and hour of his marriage in Marylebone Church to Elizabeth Barrett. The figure 91 notes that it was the ninety-first time they had looked upon each other. It was an elopement, but not the ordinary romantic affair. The young Lochinvar in this case was a mature man of thirty-four, happy, spontaneous, eupeptic, blessed with indulgent parents and in himself of conventional rather than violent inclinations; one who although a poet had never before experienced apparently even a brief transit of Venus, or been tempted to experiment in emotions—just to see what they were like—which had clearly inspired so many of his fellow poets. He was exceedingly healthy and intactus. He had written about queer characters, mystics, half-prophets, madmen, in the most confusing impetuous manner; about odd arresting anecdotes, or some momentary experience which had happened to run into him, sometime or other, like a pin, drawing one little round bead of blood, quickly wiped away. Above all to release his own marvelous gift of idiomatic expression he had always found it necessary to dramatize emotions; to project himself first into somebody else, an envious monk watching another in the monastery garden or a dying renaissance bishop. Then indeed he could write with an extraordinary vividness and with a passion which crackled erratically like sky-born electricity. The great Macready perceiving his gift for interpretating of character dramatically had given him two chances of writing plays. They had been frosts, (which had barely depressed their author) noble but quite unmistakable failures. He was not a stage dramatist. The drama of internal conflict he could follow and portray magnificently, but when he had to create men and women in the round, and set them opposite each other, he could only make them orate elaborately. None of them spoke out of themselves like his characters in his lyrics:

> Gr-r-r- there goes my heart's abhorrence!
> Water your damned flower-pots do!

At the beginning of the love story to what shall we compare him? To a cake half-turned towards the fire of life, or to the moon which to the world shows only one face whose other side is yet unseen?

* * *

And the lady? The lady was a chronic invalid nearing forty, a gentle, ringletted poetess of far wider fame than his own; a very feminine poet, whose lyric gift, like herself, "half a wonder, half a wild desire," was most imperfect judged as art. She had been gently condemned to death by a morbid father whose tenderness only flourished in an atmosphere of gloom; one of those stern imitation Old Testament fathers to whom the story of Abraham and Isaac intimately appealed. He was a man strict with himself in every respect, only lax in indulging himself in moral emotions. Imagine a patriarchal Mr. Murdstone, whose darkest frowns alternated with smiles of excruciating tenderness,

* THE BROWNINGS. By OSBERT BURDETT. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1929.

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who came up every evening to pray heavily over the not yet quite inanimate form of his favorite daughter, "the purest woman he had ever known." His influence upon her and the depth to which the conception of his goodness had sunk into her heart, may be measured by a letter to Browning, the most intimate, she says in it, she had ever written, in which she quotes as a proof of her father's amazing goodness that he had never reproached her for being the cause of her brother's death: he had been drowned during a visit to her at Torquay, prolonged against her father's wishes and at her request. Her rescue from the fat-folds of this affectionate Hydra which was slowly and insensibly sucking away her life was due in the first instance to a literary admiration. Browning with that spontaneous, unenvious power of admiration, so remarkable in him (he was the only Victorian poet who admired all his great contemporaries for just reasons) admired her poems. "You speak out—I only make men and women speak," he wrote, and she on her side, supported only by a few Preraphaelites who saw pictures in the detail of Browning's poems, admired him. He was allowed to visit her sick-room.

In the Browning correspondence we have the history of their ninety meetings spread over more than a year, with of course all the addenda and explanatory postscripts with which, no sooner parted, true lovers supplement their talk together. Week after week, he knocked punctually at the door in Wimpole Street, passing some brother or sister on the stairs perhaps, but making no acquaintance with the family. At first she kept their meetings secret because she could not admit him and refuse other literary admirers, later, of course, for more urgent reasons. Never did lover combine before more ardency in courtship with more unselfish patience or such admirable good sense. This impetuous and breezy adorer exhibited also the gentlest and wisest consideration; a touch would instantly curb him. He wrote, and no doubt he talked, like a wind tearing through a wood, but at a word from her a pause of halcyon stillness reigned. It is not surprising that he worked a miracle. One day the chronic invalid was standing to receive him when he entered the room. The joy of it staggered him. It was too much, he asked her never to do so again or he might lose control of himself.

Presently she is actually writing to him from the back-drawing room. She has walked downstairs; And soon she is taking a drive round Regents Park! Even the doctors now agree that it is necessary for her to go away to complete her recovery—say, to Italy where she wants to go. At this suggestion, however, the Hydra tightened his coils, and doing so revealed to her the nature of his love. Mr. Barrett explained after the elopement to a friend that he had had no objection to the young man, but his daughter ought to have been thinking of another world."

Henry James once wrote a queer story called "The Sacred Fount," the point of which was the narrator's idea (or delusion) that in the case of two devoted people one might draw upon the other's vitality, much as in a hospital blood may be transferred from one person to another. The story of the Brownings is the story of a woman who on the point of decline took a draught from a "sacred fount," in this case undiminishable. It makes the central part of Mr. Osbert Burdett's book which opens with her life before she met Browning. The first chapter is called "A Bird in Cage," a phrase which she used of herself. Chapters two and three deal with Browning, his life and works before he met her. Chapter four, the longest, with their engagement and elopement, and then follows an account of their happy married life, 1846-61, with comments upon the poems which they both wrote during that time. The book concludes with a much briefer account of Browning's widowed life, his later poems, and a brief estimate of his genius.

It strikes me as a hastily written book; certainly it is not well enough written to make one wish to read it slowly, and yet the merits of Mr. Burdett's commentary require attention. Forcing myself to slow down, I discovered his book was considerably more interesting than I had thought while reading it fast. But he has not made it easy to do this. Mr. Percy Lubbock in his "Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her Letters" has told the story both of the courtship and their marriage with fuller illustration and a more delicate literary skill, though not with more insight and sympathy; and Miss Cooper Willis in a recent book "Elizabeth Barrett Browning" has told it more briefly.

Mr. Burdett is an indulgent critic of Mrs. Browning's poetry. Indeed, in this case one who is not an indulgent critic is no use. She belongs to that class of poets of whom it may be said severally

> and you must love him
> Ere to you he will seem worthy of your love.

Her poems are personal, and proceed so frankly from her own emotions that they are tantamount to direct appeals for sympathy. If you stand back from them, not allowing yourself to answer that personal appeal only a few of them "will do." At the same time this spontaneity in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" lends to that form a sweet fluidity which is a grace rarely achieved in the sonnet, while the genuineness of the emotion expressed is infectious when that appeal to one's sympathy is not felt as too clamant. She is *par excellence* feminine, which is a positive quality in literature as in life, not merely the absence of masculinity; just as Browning is preeminently masculine.

The beauty and depth of their marriage was also the result of one partner being all man and the other all woman. It certainly, in beauty and depth, excelled most happy androgenous alliances. Mr. Burdett in his account of their married years shows that though so close to each other the Brownings never altered each other a whit, which shows that their marriage was a union of indeflectable opposites. The desolation of Browning after her death, his determined and difficult self-mastery, and his long active sociable widowhood which followed, are adequately treated. Never again did anyone in the world see the other side of "the moon"—except in his poems, which, as Mr. Burdett shows, constantly harked back to the supreme experience of his life. It is a notion, not only of my own but shared by some of the young today, who somewhat helplessly regret it—occasionally, that the world is losing faith in love, or rather that current ideas are making it more difficult to believe in it. Love is certain not to be found without faith, and romantic faith too. Both these poets possessed that. Mr. Burdett does not mention that for a short time Browning did want to marry again and a very arbitrary lady of exalted social position. Gossip on this point is as authoritative as gossip can be. It was an episode of small importance and would have been an event in his life hardly more so, had it actually come about. But slight as the episode is it may account for that curious little poem which he wrote towards the end of his life called a "Bad Dream." Characteristically he projects the emotion described, in this case making not the living but the dead lover the faithless one. It runs as follows:

> Last night I saw you in my sleep:
> And how your charm of face was changed!
> I asked, "Some love, some faith you keep?"
> You answered "Faith gone, love estranged."
>
> Whereat I woke—a twofold bliss:
> Waking was one, but next there came
> This other: Though I felt, for this,
> My heart break, I loved on the same.

A Distinguished Publisher

MEMORIES OF J. M. DENT. Edited by HUGH A. DENT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM

THIS Memoir of J. M. Dent, has interest not only for the members of the publishing profession in which he had done distinctive work, but for any thoughtful reader who gives attention to personality, and who finds value in learning what one of his fellowmen had been able to do with his life and opportunities.

Dent's career was one that is more frequent in the United States than in Great Britain. He was a member of a big family circle in Yorkshire and began his education, which at the outset was meagre enough, and later his business career, with very little that could be called advantages. The family was of old Yorkshire stock and his parents, and their parents, were good representatives of a sturdiness of character that has always been associated with the Yorkshire region.

Dent's business work began as a bookbinder in the town of Darlington. But his Darlington employers failed, and he made his way to London, in his nineteenth year, in 1867. He arrived with the traditional two shillings and six pence in his pocket, and after a few unsuccessful applications, secured work with a small bookbinder in Bucklersbury, his first pay being at the rate of twelve shillings and six pence per week. Two or three years later he married on the munificent income of about thirty shillings a week. He then put energetic labor into the task of building up a bookbinding business of his own, and with the aid of capital loaned by one or two sympathetic friends (Dent had through life the capacity for securing friends and for inspiring confidence in them), he managed, after several setbacks, to get into satisfactory shape a remunerative bookbinding business.

He used his spare hours (and with his business and family cares there could not have been many such hours) in reading, in order to make up the deficiency in his early education, becoming interested in several divisions of literature, and reading so assiduously that before his death he could be called a well-read man. He was in his thirties, when his interest in literature, and a legitimate business ambition, brought him to the decision to develop his bookbinding business into a publishing concern, or to add publishing to his bookbinding ventures.

His first publishing success was The Temple Library, a series typical of some of his later successes. The young publisher took the literature which is recognized as belonging to the classics, and put it into a more attractive form than had previously been given to it. He planned his volumes so that they could be sold at a moderate price for the benefit of cultivated and impecunious readers. The Temple Library was the forerunner of the Temple Shakespeare and of a number of other series of reprints which developed the same idea, and which presented in better form than had heretofore been arrived at, books concerning the reputation of which there could be no question. Dent's editions made of necessity rather sharp competition with existing editions of the same work, but the publishers of these had no ground for question or for criticism. He kept, in fact, in satisfactory relations with all the members of the publishing group; he took active part in the work that was carried on by the publishers for the establishment of "net" book rates, and he came to be accepted, after a few years of publishing, as one of the leaders of the profession.

The most successful of these earlier sets was the Temple Shakespeare, but the most important of the publishing undertakings that carried the Dent imprint was the Everyman's Library. For this set, he himself did much editorial work, or contributed editorial counsel, though the actual editor was, for a long series of years, the well-known scholar, Dr. Gollancz. The Everyman's Library gave, at a lower price than had heretofore been thought practicable, the classics of English literature, with some additions from the literature of the continent. It was necessary, of course, to omit from the series editions of books which, being still protected by copyright, were controlled by other publishers. Dent's business associates found ground for question, or occasionally for criticism, because the Everyman's Library included certain portions of sets the literature in which could be purchased in other editions in a form that was not only not more expensive, but in some cases cheaper, but the continued demand for the Library justified the calculations of the founder, and, at the time of his death, it represented a large investment that was decidedly remunerative for the firm. The publisher had the further satisfaction that the Everyman's volumes had been accepted by reviewers, students of literature, and readers generally, as conferring a great service upon the reading public.

The Dent list was developed with the publication of editions, in the attractive Dent format, of a number of sets of standard literature, and the town libraries that were adding to their shelves during the last thirty years, found that the Dent books were among those best suited for their needs. Dent had better knowledge of binding than of printing, and, in the earlier publications at least, the typography was not always up to the highest standard, but that defect was largely overcome in the books of his later years.

His work ended in 1926, when he was seventy-seven years of age. He had certainly made the best possible use of his capacities and opportunities. He was a good citizen, a good publisher, and a good man. His memory may well be honored by the publishing profession and by intelligent readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

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Munchausen with Facts

BELIEVE IT OR NOT! Written, Illustrated, and Proved by ROBERT L. RIPLEY. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

EDGAR ALLAN POE gave Queen Scheherezade her 1002d tale. She described to the Sultan, in the language of Sinbad, various wonders for which Poe in footnotes furnished the indubitable proofs—the Mammoth Cave, the clouds of billions of passenger pigeons, the ant-lion, the petrified forest, the locomotive-horse with iron bones and blood of boiling water, the telegraph, the Babbage calculating machine, and so on; and the incredulous Sultan in a fury with her lies ordered her to be throttled. Mr. Ripley goes beyond Poe. With greater ingenuity, a more intensive search of the literature of wonders, and almost equal fidelity to fact, he gives us page after page of facts which the average reader will receive with a gasp of disbelief. To those who wish to learn how queer, amusing, horrible, and incredible is the world we live in, his book is to be commended; it opens up new vistas in the realm of accident and a new conception of what man can accomplish and endure.

Though there is something here for every taste, it is the human wonders which are most interesting. He tells of Mulai Ismail, who was the father of 888 children—as Sultan of Morocco, he did not worry over the question of supporting them; of the German woman who was the mother of sixty-nine; of Neils Paulsen, of Upsala, Sweden, who died in 1907 at the age of 160 and left two sons, one of them nine years old and the other 103 years of age; and of Hieronymus of Rome, who married twenty-one women, and found that his twenty-first wife had been married to twenty husbands before him. But even this last lady must bow to Mme. Jaqueline Montgaste of Paris, who had fourteen husbands and bore them seventeen children! Turning to feats of a different if not more heroic character, he relates how the Norwegian cross-country runner, *Meinsen Ernst, ran from Paris to Moscow in two* weeks, averaging 125 miles a day, and averaged 95 miles a day for 59 days in a race from Constantinople to Calcutta and return. He tells of a Hindu ascetic who could touch his forehead with his tongue; of the two Scandinavians who rowed across the Atlantic in 1896; of the prize fighters who fought for 110 rounds in New Orleans; and of Jean Baptiste Mouron of Toulon, whom the French courts sentenced to serve one hundred years and a day in the galleys, and who served out the sentence—dying six years later.

* * *

It is regrettable that one of the most extraordinary marvels here related lacks full proof. Charles Francis Coghlan, a well-known actor, was born in Prince Edward Island. He was buried in Galveston in 1899; the great flood of 1900 swept his coffin out to sea; it was carried around Florida by the Gulf Stream, and deposited on the shores of Prince Edward Island within a few miles of his birthplace. Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson vouches for this story, but himself gives no authority but hearsay. However, we are furnished an affidavit to support the tale of O. T. Wertz, of Chappell, Neb. He caught a perch which broke the line and got free; six hours later he caught the same fish, with hook in mouth, nearly a mile away. An English parish clergyman corroborates the story regarding Ben Wangford, a naval officer who died in 1800 and was buried with a fig in his hand, telling his friends that if there is a future life they would have a sign; the fig tree has burst the tomb. And there seems to be ample proof of the fact that "Bobby" Leach, who went over Niagara Falls in a barrel in 1911, died from injuries received when he slipped on a banana peel while strolling the streets of Christchurch, New Zealand, on April 29, 1927. But if Mr. Leach had an evil star, think of the lucky orb that protected Capt. J. R. Hedley, R.A.C.:

Lieutenant Makepeace was a Canadian flying officer and Captain Hedley was an observer in his plane when they were attacked over the German lines. In the running fight that ensued Hedley was dislodged from the plane when making a sudden vertical dive, and fell several hundred feet in a direct line with the machine—probably suction or a vacuum had something to do with it—alighted on the tail, and was brought safely to earth from a height of 10,000 feet.

Presumably most people know, if they stop to think, that there is a point where one can stand on dry land and see the sun rise in the Pacific and set in the Atlantic; many witness this phenomenon every day of their lives. They ought to know also that there is a simple explanation of the fact—for fact it is—that Lindbergh was the sixty-seventh man to cross the Atlantic in a non-stop flight. But there will be many interested to learn from this varied miscellany just why the dressed skeleton of Jeremy Bentham, with a mask as replica of his living face placed on his shoulders, and his skull in a glass case between his feet, sits at the head of the board around which the trustees of the University College Hospital in London gather. They will be curious to know why cork legs are so called when there has never been a thought of putting cork in them; why there is no kid in kid gloves or chamois in chamois-skin; why the glass-snake is not a snake, the lady-bird not a bird, and Æsop did not write Æsop's fables. They will find here that there is a French family named 1792, and that the son who was called March 1792 died in September, 1904. Believe it or not, they will find that:

3 times 37 equal 111	18 times 37 equal 666
6 times 37 equal 222	21 times 37 equal 777
9 times 37 equal 333	24 times 37 equal 888
12 times 37 equal 444	27 times 37 equal 999
15 times 37 equal 555	

The longest name, the transparent Chinaman, the clam that kills men, the oyster tree, the armless golfer, the man who executed himself—these and their like fill out the book. It is too bad that it does not explore the realm of manners a little more diligently. Two results of the brief researches of the author are calculated to whet any appetite. He tells us that Lady Gough, in her volume on etiquette published in 1863, lays down the rule that "The perfect hostess will see to it that the works of male and female authors be properly separated on her bookshelves. Their proximity, unless they happen to be married to each other, should not be tolerated." And this is capped by the statement that "Francesca Nortyuege, famous reformer of Dieze, who died in France in 1903, left her fortune to her niece with the proviso that, for the sake of decency, she keep her goldfish always clothed in tights."

"ELIZABETH," AUTHOR OF "EXPIATION"

"The discovery of the long-lost MS. of a novel by Napoleon," says the London *Observer*, "has caused surprise among those who forget that he was a student of Plutarch, of Voltaire, and Rousseau, and even of James MacPherson's 'Ossian,' and pre-, pared and polished his despatches as carefully as if they had been intended for publication in an edition-de-luxe. Napoleon, like many men who have achieved fame in another sphere, had a by no means secret impulse towards literature, and in his last days at St. Helena he kept closely by him the MS., not only of his novel, 'Clisson and Eugenie,' but of his military plans and campaigns, all exquisitely written in his own hand and beautifully bound in one large volume. Professor Szymon Askenazy, of Warsaw, is now to publish these MSS. in facsimile. The despatches and campaigns will probably be of interest mainly to students of the period, but 'Clisson and Eugénie,' we fancy, will interest the whole world. For it is the story of Napoleon's own unhappy love affair with Désirée Clary, who afterwards married Marshal Bernadotte and became Queen of Sweden. That the novel should first appear in Warsaw is an ironic situation that Napoleon himself would surely have appreciated."

A Comedy of Manners

EXPIATION. By ELIZABETH. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THERE is much of the virtuoso in Elizabeth. Her voice is equally pleasing in every register, she takes a high C as smoothly as a low one, and the delicacy of her *pianissimi* is only equalled by the robustiousness of her *forti*. Moreover, there is never a trace of sloppy craftsmanship in her facile transitions from slow to quickened tempi, from long holds to light scales.

In "Expiation," as in many another of Elizabeth's tales, little pellets of bitter wisdom are sugar-coated with wit. As truly as in any Victorian novel of High Moral Purpose does the woman in this one pay for her sin. Yet the author insinuates with ingenuous innocence that the wages of sin is not always death but sometimes happiness, tolerance, and an agreeable gentleness to a betrayed husband, and that the need for expiation occasionally depends upon being found out, having relatives, and growing old and fat.

Milly met Sin at the British Museum in the shape of a classical lecturer of Oxford. She was a plump, cushiony, dove-eyed little woman, surrounded in her own home by many luxuries and a dull, elderly husband, but on that particular day she was so intensely lonely that she was weeping her eyes out on the cold breast of a statue of Marcus Aurelius. Of course the affair did not begin at once, and there were many guilty compunctions before it did, but in the end Milly and her Arthur got used to sinning—regularly, once a week in a studio in Chelsea—and after ten years of it they had settled down to a state of quite conjugal friendliness. The reading of Keats and Shelley had been succeeded by that of Milton and Blake, and, as Elizabeth puts it, gradually all the poets were left behind and the excavation period set in.

* * *

And then Milly's husband suddenly died, revealing by the way he cut her off in his will that he was aware of her transgressions. The rich widow whom scores of relatives had been devotedly succoring in her sorrow was revealed to them all as probably no better than she should be, potentially a scarlet blot on the name of Botts—and practically penniless. What should they do with her? While they were still debating the question, Milly determined to run away.

In her shame and distress she turned first, certain of being understood, to an erring sister whom she had not seen in twenty-five years, and the meeting of these two, with the mutual disillusionment and paralysis of confidence that followed, is one of the best things in the book. Yet even better is the visit to Arthur and the Chelsea studio, a scene wherein the Röntgen rays of Elizabeth's supreme understanding of human nature penetrate an essentially tragic situation, revealing its luminous periphery of humor without disguising the pathos at its core. After such scenes as these, Milly's contacts with the various members of the Botts family seem less original and significant than they actually are. Yet, without repetition, without any trammeling of the plot—which flows on subtly changed by each new contact—Elizabeth here shows the disturbing effects of Milly and her sin upon a sharply differentiated group of people, and thus gives full play not only to her gift for restrained irony but to a hitherto unsuspected power of visualizing large numbers of commonplace, yet intensely human, people.

"Expiation" has none of the pomegranate succulence of "Introduction to Sally." Rather, it resembles "Love" in that it takes situations inherently serious and treats them lightly. Occasionally this lightness descends to levity, and at times the objectivity of the author's satire betrays more of artifice than of art. Yet from her cold, sharp phrases that flick one's lips into a pucker, from her long, parenthetical sentences with humorous twists in their middles, there emerges a highly diverting and essentially plausible comedy of manners, a comedy of manners that is none the less comic for the fact that its actors believe themselves engaged in a tragedy of morals.

The Académie Française has decided, in accordance with the statutes established by Cardinal Richelieu, its founder, in 1635, to draw up a grammar of the French language

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The World of the Worldly

SEEING'S BELIEVING. By GERARD HOPKINS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

SUAVE irony, deft characterization, and a masterly power of artistic omission combine to make "Seeing's Believing" a closely-wrought and closely written example of social comedy at its best. The author of "The Friend of Antæus" has again turned to the world of the worldly for the materials of romance, in this case narrowly skirting the borders of tragedy.

After a lifetime of futility in the British Diplomatic Service ("You've no idea with what a beautiful accent he says nothing in French, German, *and* Italian") Sir Anthony Devison, K.C.B., is offered the Governorship of the Scilly Islands, his first real chance to do a job that would "win respect for England." He goes home to tell his wife, Marion, not only to find that she already knows, which is disconcerting, but also to discover—what is utterly dumbfounding—that his daughter Ann has been carrying on an intrigue with Micky Tarleton, a married man—"one of my subalterns—the thing's preposterous." For the first time in thirty years, to paraphrase Willa Cather, Life Comes for the Diplomat:

> Rarely had the suspicion of such disaster come near the members of his world and Marion's, the world of strict official diplomacy, of royal hospitality, of imperial bounty. Never, he believed, had he, since manhood, come into close relation with any marriage that had not ended in death, any case of virginity, surrendered without the sanction of Church and State.

Not only was his daughter the mistress of a married man, but she gloried in it. Spurred on by his bitterly wounded wife, Devison summons the seducer, only to find himself, much to his own and the other's surprise, making arrangements for Tarleton's divorce or, failing that, for his elopement with Ann to one of the most appropriately distant Colonies—Canada or New Zealand. Devison, come to life at last, prepares to seize for his daughter the adventure which life—or his wife—had denied him. "I still believe in love, then, how marvelous. I still believe in love, how terrible." He tells his daughter, "You've dug me out of a rut, and I'm not going to be pushed back again. I'm going to take risks as well as you." So Devison holds out for the Scillies, while Ann and her Mickey go to the Ends of the Earth, and the reader is left not quite sure whether "Seeing's Believing" is comedy or tragedy after all.

The action of the novel consumes only two days, the characters are limited to four major, two minor, and one supernumerary parts. The whole is told with magnificent elimination, and with such economy that some of the parts retained, though necessary, seem wordy. Every character stands out with perfect clarity, and the whole is illuminated by an ironic felicity of phrasing ("her voice was clothed now in a thin robe of sweetness, through which the hard lines and angles showed but barely draped") conjoined to a pervading sympathy that make Mr. Hopkins's latest novel a delight to those who taste their books, as well as consume them.

John Law in Fiction

THE AMAZING LIFE OF JOHN LAW. By GEORGES OUDARD. Translated by C. E. G. MANÉ. New York: Payson & Clark Ltd. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON
Yale University

NO one who knows anything about it will deny that the career of John Law in the world of finance was an amazing affair. Few, however, have had the opportunity of knowing him intimately. M. Oudard makes this possible for us when he portrays the life and *pensée intime* of the greatest financial adventurer of his time. When the reader closes the book he has the feeling that up to the present he has been cheated out of much that he might have known before. "Amazing" is almost too mild an adjective to apply to this remarkable prodigy of the eighteenth century.

As the author of the "Mississippi Bubble," Law has already been treated exhaustively. Forbonnais and Levasseur have produced excellent and definitive works on this subject. As well, a brief account in English of Law's venture is found in that splendid volume of the late James Breck Perkins entitled "France under the Regency." But none of these careful studies gives us the portrait of John Law, the son, the not too faithful husband, the delinquent father, the courtier, and the diplomat. It is only in M. Oudard's narrative that one learns of the details of Law's transactions in Scotland and in England with Argyll's party, his spectacular performances at the gaming tables in Brussels, his invention of paper money for the paying of gambling debts, and his early efforts to interest Louis XIV of France "the money sick king," whose country was dying of wars and taxation. Nothing was beneath this determined and attractive young theorist, nor would he believe that anything was above him for that matter. He forced his entrances into the presence of the great by actresses, mistresses, and patrons of gambling dens. He could make friends with all but strict Puritans and French Protestants. Relentless in his determination to see his ideas put into practice, he dragged his family over half of Europe until finally he found a temporary harbor in Paris. Then came triumph, followed by the débâcle, and John Law went to the pawnbroker.

The narrative of M. Oudard is admirable in content and in style. Short, terse sentences give a sense of rapidity of movement that is fitting to the story itself. The treatment is dramatic but there are too many soliloquies. Soliloquies are tiresome and scholars are naturally suspicious of them.

John Law has at last been done into a historical novel and he is a fitting subject for such treatment, but is M. Oudard's story history, or is the historical novel real history? Whatever the answer to these questions may be, there seems to be no doubt that M. Oudard has used historical sources. It is true there are no visible signs of these; there is no bibliography and there are no references. One suspects that M. Oudard wishes to mystify his more meticulous critics, or perhaps he is not concerned at all with their opinion. One may, however, venture a suggestion that the "Amazing Life of John Law" is probably based upon considerable investigation. There is much source material that is available. In the Bibliothèque Nationale may be found a quantity of contemporary literature and documents germane to this subject, also there have been published the Memoirs and Journals of Saint Simon, Barbier, and Marais, and others. Law himself wrote many pamphlets and explanations. Quotations from these works will be found all through the volume by M. Oudard. The pity is that he has not taken the trouble to identify them. This could have been done in a way that would not have interfered with the interesting and popular character of the book.

Currents of Life

MY BROTHER JONATHAN. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

OUT of the great mass of Francis Brett Young's fiction and the reviews and criticisms of it, two qualities are coming to be inevitably associated with the work of this author. These are: dignity and direction. They inhere almost equally in both the form and the content of his novels. They are the reason why people who like Mr. Young's work like it, the reason why people who do not like it do not like it. One critic appreciatively finds that this dignity and direction suggest "the formal organ music in a great cathedral," another regrets that Mr. Young "should have yielded so completely to a sterile esthetic conservatism." For those who conceive of the universe as having occasional safety zones in the midst of the eternal flux, from which the maelstrom may be observed with some degree of calm, Mr. Young will prove sympathetic. For others, who feel that the essential truth is man's constant and continuous submersion in the flux, Mr. Young will prove equally antipathetic.

"My Brother Jonathan" tells the story of Jonathan Dakers in relations much broader and more numerous than the purely fraternal. It is a relief that it does so; just at first there seems danger that the novel may go off into the perpetual antithesis of the handsome, popular, successful brother and the awkward, solitary, and unlucky one. But Mr. Young avoids so obvious a pitfall. Jonathan is awkward, solitary, and unlucky, but he is all these things regardless of what his brother is. Through boyhood, college, medical apprenticeship and practice, Mr. Young follows his hero minutely. Looked at impartially, it might seem that he is rather a long time about so doing, but once caught into the interest of Jonathan's personality, the reader is likely to be grateful for its very full flower.

Love, is it still enough? has its usual triangular and important place in "My Brother Jonathan." It is in treating of love that Mr. Young has the best opportunity of expounding his conception of the duality of man. His lovers are beset by instinctive passion which they are powerless to suppress, but by which they can refuse to be completely ruled. Unable to save themselves from the tides of life, these people can still direct, to some extent, their course within its current. The ending of "My Brother Jonathan" holds a very subtle interest. One love problem has dominated the book, when suddenly, with only a few pages left, this problem grows, complexly, into another. But did Jonathan really die of his septic wound or was he sacrificed on the altar of abstinence from the happy ending?

Entropy

(*Continued from page* 657)

But a suggestion springs instantly to the critical consciousness. As often, perhaps as always, since experimental science began, the men of letters have taken their ideas of the universe (when they needed ideas of the universe) from the science, and often the philosophy, of the day before yesterday. It is sufficiently clear that the modern school of writers which assumes, consciously or unconsciously, a complete incoherence in the universe is linked by too evident bonds of influence to the classical physicist, now in full retreat, who could see as the terminal of his investigations only "a fortuitous concourse of atoms." It is equally clear, and even more interesting, that the naturalists in literature, and perhaps the surrealists, who have taken as their guide the thesis that only complete analysis and an accurate report upon seeming appearance are valuable, have got their conceptions from the outgrown physical school of their days in the universities, which concerned itself only with analysis of matter and upheld the atom as the sole entity of which one could reason.

"If you have the stars [the details]," these realists said with scientists now discredited, "you have the constellations [and all that is 'real' in the world]." "Yes," says Eddington, "but if you have the stars, you do not take the constellations seriously. It had become the regular outlook of science [and naturalistic fiction and poetry], closely associated with its materialistic tendencies [the quotation is from Eddington, but we may add in brackets our own literary parallels], that constellations [and organization of life with all that is implied for morals, character, conduct, philosophy], are not to be taken seriously [are not reality], until the constellation of entropy [and in literature the implication that a measure of time and change implies the existence of organization and the reality of our intuitive belief in becoming] made a solitary exception." "In sorting out the confused data of our experience it has generally been assumed [and by modern realist writers as much as by the classic and now out-dated school of classic physicists] that the object of the quest is to find out all that really exists. There is another quest not less appropriate to the nature of our experience—to find out all that really becomes." With this one may, for the moment, rest the case. Let our critics and our modernistic writers look to the source from which their materialism has sprung. It is dry, and they are belated.

William Rose Benét, Associate Editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, has been made Editor of the publishing house of Payson & Clarke. He will continue with the *Saturday Review* as Contributing Editor, writing the Phoenix Nest weekly as he has since the *Review* began, as well as several columns of reviews or other literary material.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Contributing Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

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The Bowling Green

Translations from the Chinese

SINGING OYSTERS

EXPERIMENTS in submarine radio
Off the coast of North Carolina
Had to be abandoned
Because the "singing" of the oysters
Affected the delicate microphones.

It appears that even the poor patient oyster
(As Keats called him)
When left to himself
Makes a small cheerful humming.
Why, I asked the Old Mandarin,
Do you suppose the oysters sing?
And he replied
Would you not also sing
If in the tender bivalve of your heart
You felt the pricking nucleole
Of a pearl?

WHY NOT?

Often, in replying to the fool questions of his Boswell,
The Mandarin quotes the good sagacity
Of Jack Dempsey, who is no one's numbskull.

It was while Tunney's Learned Sock was on,
And Gene was lecturing to Bill Phelps's class
At . . . let me see . . . I think it must have been Yale.
Jack was asked
What he thought about it.
Why not? said Jack.
Why not, if it helps his Racket?

EVASIONS

The Old Mandarin is pure in heart
But he understands the necessities of Policy.
When the doctors examined him for life insurance
They asked him if he ever drank
Alcoholic liquors;
To which he answered "In moderation."
They urged him to be more definite.
"What do you mean," they said, "by moderate?
Do you mean just about Average?"
He had no idea what would be considered Average
In a Prohibition country,
But knew they'd certainly be scandalized
By a Chinese philosopher's idea of Moderation.
He was wary in reply,
But when they said "Have you ever been intoxicated?"
He remarked nobly
"Sirs, I am a Poet."

MEMOIRS OF A MANAGER

When the Old Mandarin
Was helping to manage a theatre
The first thing they taught him in showman technique
Was always to be sure to carry
A big roll of jack.
Borrow it from the B.O. if necessary, they said,
But be sure to have it handy;
Otherwise it looks
As though business was bad.

THREE BLIND MICE

Once I was told of a small child
Who was taken to the Circus.
Distressed and bewildered
By noise, strange sights, and the whole violent confusion,
This admirable urchin burst into tears
And appealed to his Mother:—
"Mummy, sing Three Blind Mice."
Oh wise true instinct!
In the huge inscrutable uproar of the universe
Who does not sometimes turn in terror
To some old simplicity
He understands.

ESSENTIALS

Yes, it is the humble essentials that persist.
They tried to start a Night Club on 45th Street,
In that staid block that includes the office
Of the *Saturday Review*.
The Night Club only lasted a few weeks,
But the icebox salesroom
And the colored lady in the window
Who demonstrates the convertability of a Davenport
Still prosperously remain.

RETICENCE

Even the Old Mandarin
Though often deficient in humor
Was somewhat amused to read in a newspaper
That in a questionnaire at an Eastern college
Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia* ranked next after the Bible
As the students' favorite non-fiction.
But the precise grounds of the Old Oriental's amusement
Not even wild reporters could drag from him.

DISAPPOINTMENT

The greatest of spiritual dangers,
Observed the Old Mandarin to his Public Relations Counsel,
Is when the private concerns of your intellect
Assume the status of News.
Don't worry, O.M., replied that hard-boiled bird,
Nothing you'll ever pull
Is likely to be worth more
Than three sticks of minion on an inside page.
And the old Statesman was human enough
To be a trifle annoyed.

THE RULES

The Old Mandarin, to whom nothing human
Was more than semi-alien,
Gave some study to the arts of the dramaturge,
It being his notion to compose a revue
In the Chinese manner.
But the Pekinese Producer
Disapproved his script.
Said the Producer:
I'll give you the three positive rules
For a revue sketch:—
Hoke it up,
Give the woman the top,
Always black out on a Big Howl.

Here is an art, meditated the Old Mandarin,
That is only two thirds co-ordinated with Life.

CAUTION

The realm of the theatre being hazardous
The Old Mandarin was pleased
By the caution shown in the Application for Membership
In the Actors' Equity Association:—
"I hereby solemnly affirm
That I am at present obtaining
Or endeavoring to obtain
A living from the Theatrical Profession."

UNEARNED INCREMENT

The Old Mandarin
Always perplexes his friend the Adjuster
At the Prune Exchange Bank
By adding his balances together
In the Chinese fashion.
For example: he once had $5000 in the bank
And drew various checks against it.
He drew $2000; thus leaving a balance of $3000.
He drew $1500; thus leaving a balance of $1500.
He drew $900; thus leaving a balance of $600.
He drew $600; thus leaving a balance of 000.

$5000.	$5100.

Yet, as you see, when he adds his various balances
He finds that they total $5100
And the Old Mandarin therefore maintains
There should still be $100 to his credit.
They had to engage the Governor of the Federal Reserve
To explain the fallacy to him.

FOND OF FIGURES

And yet he was fond of figures,
Finding them an excellent sedative:
He often consoled himself in the hay fever season
By studying a government report
Which stated that one ragweed plant
Emits 8,000,000,000 granules of pollen per day.

ADEQUATE REASONS

They asked the Old Mandarin
Why he had been so long silent,
To which he replied:
Among the sages of the East
Silence requires no apology.

Pressed for further explanation
And even interviewed on the subject by the A.P.,
He gave out a Statement
Which puzzled even his Public Relations Counsel:—

STATEMENT

The bankruptcy of a Boston publisher
Threw upon the counters of Liggett's Drug Store
In the Grand Central Terminal
A number of copies of *Devotions*, by John Donne (1624).
This book, which Mr. Liggett was selling
(Last December, anyhow) for 50 cents
Combines a childlike simplicity which need not trouble the mind
With such glut of eloquence
As will rejoice the true lover of lingo
And seem very tedious to most New Yorkers.
Oh John Donne, to quote yourself,
"In whose words there is such height of figures,
Such peregrinations to fetch remote and precious metaphors,
Such curtains of allegories,
Such third heavens of hyperboles" . . .
When I can write as well as John Donne
I shall be glad to reappear in print.

A FRAGMENT FROM DONNE

We say that the world is made of sea and land,
As though they were equal;
But we know that there is more sea in the Western
Than in the Eastern hemisphere.
We say that the firmament is full of stars,
As though it were equally full;
But we know that there are more stars under the Northern
Than under the Southern pole.
We say the elements of man are misery and happiness,
As though he had an equal proportion of both,
And the days of man vicissitudinary,
As though he had as many good days as ill,
And that he lived under a perpetual equinoctial,
Night and day equal, good and ill fortune
In the same measure.
But it is far from that;
He *drinks misery, and he tastes happiness*;
He mows misery, and he gleans happiness;
He journeys in misery, he does but walk in happiness;
And, which is worst, his misery is positive and dogmatical,
His happiness is but disputable and problematical.
All men call misery misery,
But happiness changes the name by the taste of man.
The above, copied fair from Donne's *Devotions*,
Is the pure paroxysm of rhetoric.
Those who have never considered
How noble is the mystery of prose composition
Let them read it aloud,
Let them savor it in their rumen.
In such writing as that
Language resumes specie payments,
And, as Benedick said, or almost said,
A whole college of wisecrackers
Cannot flout me out of my opinion.

RIDE WITH ETHYL

The Old Mandarin
Had made a habit of praising the pensive life
Of the antique Chinese philomaths,
But suddenly, one lucent winter day,
Hurrying in his yellow robes across 42nd Street,
He paused to realize how indispensable
New York had grown to him.
Her ecstatic ether, her wild vitality,
Her lunatic and harlequin emprise
Had grafted in his heart. He realized
He so much loved her miracle of frenzy
Perhaps he never could go back
To the tea house and the water lily pond,
The afternoons with Poo Pitty Sing
And the poems of Li Po. . . . And pausing thus
Almost he never did go back indeed.
He just escaped being obliterated
By a monstrous truck loaded with gasoline
And painted RIDE WITH ETHYL.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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England and America. III,

IN dealing with what Mr. Kerr has called "the present Anglo-American estrangement," we may assume, I think, that it is serious and that it will grow greater if it does not grow less. If, however, we are to deal realistically with it, we must fix in our minds what sort of Englishmen and Americans we are talking about. Obviously, it would be easy enough to arrive at a satisfactory understanding if the final decisions lay in the hands of men on both sides of the Atlantic who believed wholeheartedly in the League of Nations and the Pact of Paris. The final decisions do not, however, seem to lie in the hands of such men. The question, therefore, is not what Mr. Kerr and I might think was a satisfactory arrangement, but what the governing classes of England and the British Admirality on the one hand, and the Americans who are represented by the majority of the Senate can be persuaded to regard as a satisfactory solution. The real estrangement is in these quarters, and a proposal which does not take this fact primarily into account must be set down as Utopian.

It is the practice, of course, among the ruling people in our respective countries to say publicly that hostility between Britain and America would be a calamity, and that there is no decent future for mankind in the next half century unless there is substantial harmony among the English-speaking peoples. These sentiments, which are so often avowed, are no doubt sincerely believed. But I should be inclined to wonder how deeply they are felt. An examination of the position actually taken by the two governments on crucial issues in the last ten years might lead one to suspect that the ruling classes in each country desire peace, but prefer to have it on their own terms. That is why there is an "estrangement." Those who have had to make the final decisions have with fair consistency sought those special national advantages which are inconsistent with a genuine understanding.

* * *

If I have read Mr. Kerr's articles correctly, he feels that understanding can best be arrived at by persuading the British and Americans to adopt a common Anglo-American philosophy of history. He says, in effect, that if only the Americans would make up their minds to conceive the history of the British Empire as the epic of the defense of freedom throughout the world, and if only the British would conceive the history of the United States as an epic of democracy, the underlying harmony of intention would unite the two peoples. I do not think that this is feasible and I do not think that it is necessary. Indeed, I am afraid of the whole suggestion. The problem of an understanding about naval "parity" is, as we know, difficult. So too is an understanding about sea law. So too is an understanding about the implications of the Pact of Paris and the Covenant of the League. But an understanding about the ideology of history is more difficult than all of these combined. It calls for an incursion into a realm of sentiments and rationalizations which it is, I think, possible and wise to avoid. For I do not believe that Mr. Kerr can induce Lord Birkenhead to believe the American patriotic legend, and I know that I cannot induce Senator Reed to believe the British legend. But I have hopes that while Lord Birkenhead and Senator Reed are nursing their private philosophies of history, intelligent and responsible persons may reach practical agreements through which the habit of political coöperation can be cultivated.

There is an even more compelling reason, I think, why it is necessary to challenge Mr. Kerr's assumption that Anglo-American understanding depends upon the acceptance of a common philosophy of history. Important as it is to reconcile our two countries, it is also important that both of them should find a genuine basis of agreement with many other nations. Great Britain has to get on somehow with France and Russia and Turkey and China. The United States has to get on with Latin-America and Japan. We live in a world with many different histories and many more versions of history. We do not dare then to assume that international understanding and political coöperation require the removal of all these differences of thought. For if we do assume it, the prospects of understanding and coöperation are poor.

There is such a thing as dealing so profoundly with a question that it ceases to be soluble. If we introduce into a problem in international politics all of the differences of character, tradition, and culture which distinguish one people from another, we do not solve the problem. We exaggerate it. The true problem in international affairs as the world is now organized is to find a *modus vivendi* among diverse peoples. We must not argue, as I think Mr. Kerr does, that the diversity in philosophies must be cured. We must, on the contrary, accept this diversity as irremediable for the purposes of the discussion, and build our understanding upon it. We cannot create an international mind first, and international institutions second. We have to agree to act together before we have learned to think alike.

We must not rely, therefore, upon our capacity to create a common ideology. We must, I think, proceed on the assumption that the governing classes will agree when they have discovered that their irreconcilable pretensions are unrealizable. When the British ruling classes have been made to see that their traditional mastery of the seas has become technically obsolete, because of new weapons like the submarine and airplane, and politically impossible, because of the determination of the American people; when the ruling classes on this side of the Atlantic have been made to see that their traditional neutrality is obsolete, and that their traditional demand for freedom of the seas is politically impossible—then Mr. Kerr's proposals will have become practical politics.

* * *

Mr. Kerr proposes a formula which is now receiving careful consideration on both sides of the Atlantic by groups of men who may influence, but do not to-day determine, the conduct of their respective governments. They have taken as their major premise the Pact of Paris. They propose to agree on having the Pact mean that war is renounced as an instrument of *national* policy and retained as an instrument of *international* policy.

Mr. Kerr suggests that when military and naval force is used to support a national policy, the action shall be called "war"; when force is used by a group of nations against a nation or nations which have been declared to be in revolt against international society, the action shall be called an exercise of the "police power." The distinction between the two kinds of force is that a war is declared by a government on its own authority whereas the police power is employed only after some sort of mandate from an assembly of governments.

Assuming that this distinction were adopted in international usage, Mr. Kerr then argues that Great Britain and the United States should each proceed to make a major change in its historic policy. He proposes for Great Britain that in a British war it shall renounce the right to interfere with neutral trade; he proposes for the United States that when Britain is exercising the police power, presumably by mandate of the League of Nations, the United States shall not enforce its neutral right to trade with the nation which is under the ban of the League.

This proposal is identical with the second of President Wilson's Fourteen Points which declared for: "Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants." It is also substantially the same as the proposal contained in resolutions submitted to Congress by Senator Capper of Kansas and Representative Burton of Ohio.

The proposal is inspired by two separate but consistent considerations. From the point of view of those who wish to fortify the right of the League to enforce peace, it would constitute an agreement that the United States would not actively interfere with, would therefore passively coöperate with, a naval blockade declared by the League. It has long been recognized that Article XVI of the Covenant is unworkable as long as so powerful a neutral as the United States might insist upon trading with a nation which the League was trying to coerce. On the other hand from the point of view of Anglo-American relations alone, the proposal is an attempt to solve that dispute over "the freedom of the seas" which has already produced one Anglo-American war, at least two very ugly controversies, and the threat of a race of armaments.

It is from this point of view that profitable discussion of Mr. Kerr's proposal can best begin. We have here a dispute which is almost as old as the American government. Theoretically, the historic position of Great Britain has been that in time of war she is entitled to use her superior navy to suppress trade between neutrals and her enemy; theoretically, the historic position of the United States has been that in time of war the seas should be free to neutral trade, except to trade in instruments of war. In fact, neither nation has acted consistently upon its own theoretical principles. When Great Britain or the United States have been at war they have both suppressed all the neutral trade of their enemies which they could lay their hands on; when Great Britain or the United States have been neutral they have clamored for the rights of neutrals. That is amply demonstrated by the action of the United States government during the Civil War and in the Great War after 1917 and by the actions of the British Government during our Civil War and in the Russo-Japanese War.

The premises of this ancient dispute are no longer valid. They depend upon a definition of contraband, and in modern warfare it is impossible to distinguish between goods which support military forces and goods which are destined for civilians alone. Modern warfare is an industrial operation on a national scale, and the old distinctions between military and civilian, contraband and non-contraband, are no longer real. That being the case, the neutral is compelled to choose between acquiescing in the fullest use of sea-power and denying the right to use sea-power. To assert the freedom of the seas, that is to say the inviolability of private property, is to take sides against the nation which has sea power; not to assert the freedom of the seas is to take sides with the nation which has sea power. In either event neutrality in any effective sense of the term has vanished.

The real difference in policy between the two governments is not to be found in what they actually do when they are at war. It is to be found in the assumptions of their official thinking when they are at peace. Neither government as yet is prepared to think of sea power as it really is today. Both governments, when they talk about sea power, are dealing not with the present reality, but with a tradition. Thus the British government tends to think in terms of old-fashioned belligerency. It, therefore, champions belligerent rights. The American government thinks in terms of old-fashioned neutrality. It, therefore, champions neutral rights. But facts are more powerful than theories. When the British Government is a neutral, it tends to act the way Americans talk; when the American government is a belligerent, it acts the way the British talk.

That the British Government thinks as a belligerent does not mean, of course, that it is more bellicose than the American. The British habit of thought derives from a long experience in which the security of the Empire has been maintained by command of the seas, and the peace of the European continent stabilized by employing this command of the seas as a makeweight to the preponderant army. The British people are deeply convinced, therefore, that their own security, the safety of the Empire, and the equilibrium of the continent all depend upon command of the seas. Naturally they will not readily surrender the power to command the seas, and if they could retain the power, they would almost certainly use it in time of war.

The American habit of thinking as a neutral is not due to our being a peculiarly pacific people. It derives from our experience, which has taught us that we are not likely to be involved in a big war except incidentally to some other war in which the command of the seas is sought. Americans remember that they were drawn into the Napoleonic wars

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by Walter Lippmann

and into the Great War, and that in both cases the immediate interest at stake was the safety of their own shipping. In maintaining a powerful navy they are moved somewhat by considerations arising out of the difficulty of defending the Philippine Islands and the Panama Canal, but even more by the conviction that in the event of a war which is not their own, their power to make their own rights respected will be roughly proportionate to their naval strength.

* * *

Although this divergence of tradition has existed for over a hundred years, it is only in the last ten or fifteen years that it has entered where it is impossible to ignore it any longer. The American experience with the British blockade during 1915 and 1916 resulted in a radical change of naval policy. The American naval bill of 1916, which was sponsored by President Wilson, had as its object the construction of a navy equal to, perhaps larger than the British. During the period of American association with the allies, this program was suspended. The rejection by the British Government at Paris of President Wilson's Second Point—the very proposal which Mr. Kerr now sponsors—and the rejection of the Covenant by the Senate, brought about the resumption of the 1916 program. The resumption of this program led to the Washington conference. The American offer to scrap all of the program which would have given superiority made possible the successful agreement as to capital ships, and the acknowledgment in principle of naval equality. Certain difficulties raised, it seems, by the French, prevented agreement in respect to those ships which are employed to protect and attack commerce. The failure of agreement on this point led to the very considerable British cruiser program of 1924, the effect of which is to restore to the British, if not command of the seas, then at least a superior power to threaten neutral trade. The American cruiser program is the direct outcome of this situation, and the failure of the Geneva negotiations has convinced a very large section of American opinion, by no means merely the "big navy" interest, that an agreement on cruisers is improbable unless there exists at the time the agreement is negotiated a rough equality in cruisers.

If we look more deeply into this sequence of events we are compelled, I think, to recognize that it has been caused ultimately by the determination upon the part of the United States to put an end, not by declarations in international law, but by equality of strength, to the dominion of the seas by a single power. This determination reflects the growth of the United States as a world power, and it would be worse than foolish to underestimate it. It is, in fact, the chief element of the problem. The United States has become too powerful and its interests are too complex for it to be willing now, as it was for the past hundred years, to plead for the freedom of the seas while leaving the power to close the seas in the hands of another government. If I read events correctly, the United States will in the course of this generation proceed to put itself in a position where it has, not paper "parity," but an accepted equality of influence on the principal oceans of the world. A successful and useful understanding must, I believe, take this as its premise.

That there are powerful forces in Britain which are not ready to accommodate themselves to this American purpose is, I think, evident. There is no need to mince words. The determination of the United States to exercise equality of influence upon the seas does involve the surrender of that dominion of the seas, which some of the British cherish for its prestige and political profit and almost all the British believe is the bulwark of their national security. This conflict of purposes between the new determination of the United States and the old-established power of Britain would be incalculably grave were it not for the recent revolution in sea power.

* * *

There are two major elements in this revolution in the nature of sea power. The first, which I have already alluded to, is the disappearance of all workable distinctions between contraband and non-contraband. The effect of this is to destroy the validity of any proposal to limit the exercise of sea power out of respect for the rights of neutrals. We are compelled to assume that in any future war sea power, if it is employed at all, must be employed with maximum destructiveness against all trade with the enemy. The second element is that the submarine and airplane have increased the power to destroy commerce and have vastly diminished the power to protect commerce. In modern naval warfare the offensive is much stronger than the defensive. The old assumption of naval strategy, that the superior navy can close the seas to the enemy's commerce and keep the seas open to its own, is obsolete. Against a nation equipped with submarines and airplanes, the superior navy is not an adequate defense.

The Great War demonstrated this, and it is impossible to doubt, I think, that in another war the failure of sea power as a defense will be even more conclusively shown. The Germans with only 140 submarines in active commission at their maximum strength, sank, first to last, over eleven million tons of Allied shipping, and destroyed about two-fifths of the British mercantile fleet. They did this in spite of the overwhelming superiority of the Allied navies. It is fantastic, therefore, to suppose that in a great war of the future it will be possible for any power, however large its navy, to make the seas safe for itself and to close them to its enemy. The old British tradition that they must command the seas is obsolete because nobody can any longer command the seas. On the other hand, the notion of the neutrals, chief among them the United States, that they can protect their trade, is equally obsolete. The Germans sank seventeen hundred neutral ships and killed more than two thousand sailors; the British suppressed the trade of neutrals with Germany.

The conclusion is inevitable that sea power in the future will not be a defensive weapon in the sense that it can actually protect shipping from attack. It is defensive only because it is offensive: it is a protection because it can inflict so much damage. The British people, therefore, are hugging an illusion if they think their navy can protect the maritime highways. The American people are hugging an illusion if they think they can build a navy which will protect their trade. The British can build a navy which will ruin our trade, and we can build one to ruin theirs, and in the event of war the chances are that we should both ruin ourselves. If that is so, then the British are not asked to surrender anything they really possess when they are asked to accept the theory of equal influence at sea.

* * *

But what, in fact, is equal influence at sea? The discussion at the Geneva conference showed that the attempt to agree on mathematical parity was confusing. The British Admiralty and the American Navy each wished to employ a yardstick which, under the guise of parity, would give it superiority. The fact is that any scheme of parity is a fiction, for the reality of sea power, the thing which we are supposed to be measuring, is incommensurable. For that reason the problem has, I think, to be approached in a quite different fashion, and I think, in a much simpler fashion.

The British have to-day a preponderance in cruisers. That is admitted. Congress as I write, has before it a bill to authorize new cruisers. On some British calculations these new cruisers would give the United States a certain superiority in large cruisers; on some American calculations they will not give the United States superiority. The statesmanlike thing to do, it seems to me, is to pass the American cruiser bill, and then assume on both sides of the water that "parity" has been achieved. Let the governments agree that the *status quo* is parity, and that neither will build beyond it.

If they agree to call the *status quo* parity, it will be parity. The proof that it is parity will be that neither builds beyond it. If the two peoples think they have parity, they will act as if they had parity. And if they act as if they had parity they will have parity. For parity is not an objective fact. It is a subjective feeling. The reality is that each nation is strong enough to ruin the other and neither is strong enough to protect itself. Since in a war between British and Americans there could be no victors, but only vanquished, regardless of their respective cruiser tonnage, any reasonable approximation which is felt to be equality will serve.

I am satisfied that if Congress passes the cruiser bill and if Britain accepts it as just, the naval competition can, with the display of some statesmanship, be ended then and there. For once the British show that they are not alarmed by our fifteen cruisers, it is inconceivable that a new cruiser program could be advocated successfully in the United States. If, on the other hand, Britain "replied" by authorizing additional cruisers, the fat would be in the fire. It is very certain that in this event the United States would set to work at once to outbuild Great Britain.

* * *

Mr. Kerr takes the position that the controversy over cruisers should be treated as secondary to the controversy over neutral rights. I think this is impracticable from the American point of view. The proposal he has in mind for adjusting the whole conception of belligerency and neutrality to the Pact of Paris will take a long time to realize. It will require a radical change in the American relationship to Europe. It calls for at least a tacit partnership in the maintenance of the existing constitution of Europe. While I myself am in favor of this partnership, I am satisfied that American opinion will not be ready for it, and that Europe will not put that partnership on a wholly satisfactory basis, until it is plainly evident that the United States enters on terms of full equality with Great Britain. It is easier to achieve a recognition of substantial parity than it is to revolutionize political policies. Therefore, the settlement of the cruiser controversy ought to come first. When it is felt to be settled, the public mind will not be agitated by a quarrel over tons and guns. Intransigent opinion in both countries will be held in check by the realization that either navy is powerful enough to ruin the other country, and neither navy can be powerful enough to protect it.

Then only, I think, will the present realities behind the two legends of the dominion of the seas and the freedom of the seas assert themselves in official thinking. Then only will the long and difficult process of revising obsolete, but tenacious, patriotic theory become feasible.

Walter Lippmann, author of the foregoing article, is Editor of the New York *World*, was formerly Associate Editor of the *New Republic*, and was for a time American correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. He was assistant to the Secretary of War from June-October, 1917, and was secretary of the organization directed by Colonel House to prepare data for the Peace Conference. He is a frequent contributor to the magazines, and has published a number of books which include "A Preface to Politics," "Drift and Mastery," "The Stakes of Diplomacy," "Liberty and the News," "Public Opinion," "The Phantom Public," "Men of Destiny," and "American Inquisitors," all of them published by Macmillan. His new book, "A Preface to Morals" is shortly to come from the press of that house.

A well-known London lawyer, who prefers to remain anonymous for the moment, has made a literary discovery of considerable importance. It is no less than the complete MS. of a Dumas novel about Garibaldi, only a few chapters of which (curiously enough) were published during the author's lifetime.

Robert Lynd, writing in *John O'London's Weekly* of Edmund Burke, whose bicentenary is now being celebrated, repeats Dr. Johnson's tribute to his friend who, he says, is now real to the present through his association with the great lexicographer and with Goldsmith. "Burke, sir," said Johnson, "is such a man that if you met him for the first time in a street when you were stopped by a drove of oxen and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that, when you parted, you would say: 'This is an extraordinary man!' "

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Books of Special Interest

About Religion

THE CASE OF CHRISTIANITY. By CLEMENT F. ROGERS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $3.

SCIENCE IN SEARCH OF GOD. By KIRTLEY F. MATHER. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1928. $2.

RELIGION AND THE COMMONWEAL. By HERBERT MAYNARD DIAMOND. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $2.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A PUZZLED PARSON. By the RT. REV. DR. CHARLES FISKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

THERE have lately been published so many inconsequential books about religion written by men, often parsons, whose stock in trade seems mostly irreverent flippancy and pseudo-clever slap-stick, that it becomes a pleasant duty to comment on the four books listed above, all of them published within a month, whose definitely popular appeal does not prevent their being respectful toward the king's English, scholarly, and decently reticent before the mysteries of life and God.

Mr. Rogers is a professor of religion and philosophy in King's College, University of London. For many years he has every Sunday stood on a soap-box in Hyde Park, presenting the case of Christianity to the mob and listening respectfully to the comments of the ordinary man. The result is that in 'The Case for Christianity" he has written a defence which bears the same relationship to the usual thing of the sort that the Leviathan bears to Old Ironsides. As he says, the people who reject Christianity or, more often, "are simply bored by its usual presentation, are not eager to read apologetic works, because those works begin at the wrong end—at the end which logically comes first, with arguments for belief in God or the meaning of Faith, whereas in Life logic comes only after experience." With this sound basis ever in mind, he builds an argument which is modern, clear, and psychologically persuasive. He discusses the Christian way of life with its values, the place of Christianity in history, the position of New Testament records in the light of modern higher criticism, the nature of Christ's person, and the chief features of Christian theology. The book is footnoted with an immense amount of highly pertinent illustrative material, from literature generally and from science and philosophy in particular. It is bound to be interesting to the man in the street, and of value to the pastoral-minded preacher.

The first chapter or two of Dr. Mather's "Science in Search of God" may tempt the reader to throw the book aside, with the feeling that as a theologian the author is a very good geologist; but a reading of the later chapters make one forget that early judgment. The trouble with the beginning is that it is colored with the journalistic spotlights of the Scopes trial, in which Mr. Mather, who is a professor at Harvard, was an "expert." The author seems really to think that intelligent Christians have the mentality of those who conducted that ridiculous and wholly unimportant prosecution. He lustily beats the Protestant Fundamentalists, which is more than a little boring to those who realize their rapidly waning influence. Sometimes, too, in his desire to make points, he overstates his case. Thus he compares the world with an automobile which goes "in accordance with the purely mechanical principles on which its effectiveness depends." Most people think that automobiles do, after all, a little depend upon the personal coöperation of their drivers. Again, Mr. Mather says, dogmatically, that "man is not a creature from another plane, enacting here a brief rôle before entering" another environment. What he is trying to say, as is apparent later on, is that heaven is not a foreign place, and that the spiritual and the physical are really not divorced. What he does say is in support of a mechanism which later on he rejects. And when he quotes Christ's "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," as a prescription of the scientific method, it is hard to avoid a grin. But after all this, the author comes to where he has something really to say, and contributes a chapter on Miracles and Prayer in a law-abiding Universe which is one of the most profound refutations of on-the-surface mechanism that has been written in many a day; and he concludes with an admirably balanced and thoughtful discussion of the Present Trend of Science and Religion, which ought not to be missed.

Dr. Diamond, too, is a professor. He teaches economics in Lehigh University. Most social scientists seem to think that religion is a social by-product. This man knows better. He says very plainly that when you add together "belief in supernatural personality, in the existence of the soul, in the concern of the supernatural with human affairs, you have religion." He is, rather, concerned to see whether religion is really a social asset to humanity or a social liability. He rightly maintains that primitive religion has almost no accretions of accidental social goods. He therefore studies religion at this primitive worst, when its cost to man was, in proportion to his resources, larger than it has ever been since. His conclusion is that even then it contributed, and always has contributed, necessary social values. He is of the opinion that without religion society cannot endure. There is a great deal of illustrative material presented, from primitive cults and social systems, and a minute bibliography is attached.

Charles Fiske is no professor, but a hard-working and successful bishop of the Episcopal Church, with his see-city Utica, N. Y. For several years articles by him have been appearing in *Harpers*, the *American Mercury*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*, manifesting an ability to estimate the forces at work in the world and the possible relationship, and usual actual non-relationship, of the Church thereto, which has been, to say the least, unusual in a bishop. These articles have been brought together, with the compelling title, "The Confessions of a Puzzled Parson." Let no one misunderstand. Dr. Fiske is not puzzled about what he believes. How refreshing! Here is an ecclesiastic who has worked out his doubts before he begins to write. He wishes to know why religious leaders should have to go in for prohibition, social reform, political intrigue, and blah about service instead of feed the souls of their people. One gets the notion that the bishop is not really puzzled at all. He knows perfectly well that the reason that contemporary parsons matter little religiously is because they do not know what they believe and consequently have not the courage for martyrdom. Whatever the answer may be, many honest men, not unenlightened by a sense of humor, will thank the bishop for this book.

A Norwegian Tale

GOOD CONSCIENCE. By OLAV DUUN. Translated from the Norwegian by EDWIN BJORKMAN. Harper. 1928. $2.50.

IN an accompanying note on that author, O. E. Rolvaag says: "There is not the slighest doubt that Olav Duun will be counted among the greatest writers of the twentieth century," which appears to us, on the strength of this single book, to be a rash over-estimate. Like most of the Scandinavian novelists, Duun seems to be somewhat prosaic, gloomy, tedious, a faithful realist occupied with the problems of elemental souls. Here, in his first novel to be published in English, he presents the drab lives of two neighboring rustic families during the passage of three generations. Part 1 begins with the shady financial troubles of elderly Per Hoburn, farmer and miller, and his associate, Lars Leeness, ending with the ruin and death of the latter. Then, after five years have elapsed, the narrative is carried on in Part 2, principally by Per's daughter, Nora, and young Lars, old Leeness's son, whom she reluctantly marries to safeguard her parents from the menace of poverty.

Meanwhile, Nora's true love, Julius, returns to the village after spending several profitable years in America, and she becomes his mistress. Many more years are then bridged to Part 3, in the course of which, two daughters, Elen and Frigg, born to the now long reconciled, middle-aged Lars and Nora, have grown to young womanhood. And so the tale moves somnolently toward conclusion, its progress concentrated in the loves, sorrows, and occupations of the two girls. The novel is undeniably an impressive production, but it seems to lack dramatic force and to suffer from a flat, monotonous, overemphasized simplicity.

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Points of View

"Ananias or the False Artist"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Don't you think you should refrain from exerting such a baneful influence on Mr. Frank Jewett Mather? Just see what you have done to him: by giving him my book to review you've disturbed his meditations on the question as to "whether Nomisecca Fiesolano or Fanullone di Mugnone painted a bit of fresco on a crumbling wall between their respective parishes," to use Mr. Berenson's example of the microscopic in the problems of the past. Justly incensed at your irruption into his ivory tower, he resents being forced to deal with present-day matters and, by transferring his vexation to the book, gives me a lesson in what he calls "good judgment and good manners" by suggesting that the author "is merely making an ass of himself." Mr. Editor, how could you? Think of all the Sienese saints who have been Mr. Mather's daily and nightly companions for all these years, think how they must feel when they hear their spokesman impute "dirty things" to one whose "monastic patience and tolerance" he had noted in the past.

And then, when he has spoken of my "wavering and hedging," you don't even send him a friendly admonition to quote the passage in my book that he refers to! Let me quote one—and then his own words. On page 171 I say that "I think there is one analogue for the condition we have been witnessing"; I pass with brief remark over various bad arts of the past and then reach that of Cyprus in which "conditions similar to our own produce similar effects." Mr. Mather sums up my argument with a statement which would make me say that "our art has sunk to a level of baseness for which history affords no parallel." Do you think those two quotations hold a true parallel? And "our art" can mean nothing but the art of our time—including Cézanne and Renoir, Matisse and Derain whom I have treated as great artists. One may, I think, object to such a statement from a critic whose sense of exactitude causes him to make so much of an error of fact in my pages (the only one, so far as I can learn, that anyone has discovered). It was corrected by an erratum slip in all but the advance copies of the book and was removed from the plates after the first printing, as was stated in the erratum slip which added, moreover, that the mistake in attributing to Mr. French the lions of his collaborator, Mr. Potter, did not affect the argument based on other works of the sculptor, such as the one reproduced in my pages.

Even an "absurd, confused, and querulous book" has a right to its day in court with the reader of a review, if it is to be reviewed at all, and so there would have been a special value in your recommendation to Mr. Mather that he give the basis of so serious a charge as "hitting below the belt." When my eye first caught the phrase, "it is a dirty thing to hit below the belt," I thought the reviewer was making a jocose reference to his profiting by the error I had made in a purely incidental remark. He was, however, quite in earnest, and so I think the passage in question should be reprinted. It read: "Our interest in Mr. Daniel C. French and Mr. Lorado Taft is chiefly centered around their influence on American collections and monuments"; and further "As the sculptor-member of the Board of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, Mr. French can doubtless speak with more authority than anyone else concerning its collection of modern sculpture."

Now if a trustee accepts the position of chairman of the committee on sculpture of his board, as Mr. French is, I believe it is the fairest of criticism to judge his attitude toward the collections by his treatment of what his defender calls the masterpieces in his charge. Mr. Mather may think the collection of the modern sculpture of the museum as good as I think it bad, but to come to agreement on such matters of preference is, as we all know, very difficult.

If we can, however, discern Mr. French's attitude toward his trust through his permitting the disappearance of a work by a great artist, we are on the way to judge whether the things he admits are not by small artists or even false ones.

And consider please my words on page 144 in comparison with their recasting in your pages. I wrote "As the museum's actions result from the decisions of groups of men and not from that of any one man, it would be unjust to assign to Mr. French the whole responsibility for the treatment of the Barye works; but his position as a trustee and his standing as a member of his profession would unquestionably cause his desire to be followed if it were his desire that the sculptures be given a fit place in the one instance, and in the other, any place outside the storerooms." I insist that this can not be paraphrased: "Of course Mr. French may have had nothing to do with these moves," as Mr. Mather would make me say in order to round out his "hitting below the belt" accusation with that of "side-stepping." And nowhere in my book do I speak of museum trustees as Ananiases, which is what Mr. Mather criticizes me for doing. What I do say is that the banker or lawyer on a museum board often is led to accept counsel from the False Artist for whom I reserve the title of Ananias.

But why continue? You surely are sufficiently pained at what you have done to the cloistered mind of your reviewer, and will in future send him only such works as are made up of sweetness and light, good judgment and good manners, for his unaccustomed contact with things as they are has led him even into more inaccuracies than those I have noted.

WALTER PACH.

A Correction

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*:
Sir:

We note with interest Arthur Colton's review in the January 26th issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* of "Thomas Lovell Beddoes, Eccentric and Poet," by Royal H. Snow, and also Mr. Colton's statement that the only edition now in print seems to be the two-shilling series issued by Routledge.

We thought it might be of interest to you to know that there has just been issued a new and complete edition of the works of Thomas Beddoes edited with a new memoir by Sir Edmund Gosse and decorated by "The Dance of Death" pictures of Hans Holbein by the Fanfrolico Press of London. We are the American distributors of this book which is in two volumes and is limited to seven hundred and fifty sets for sale at $17.50 each.

WALTER V. MCKEE, INC.

Beddoes Editions

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I was very much interested in the review by Arthur Colton, of the life of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, which appeared in your issue of January 26th. Mr. Colton erroneously believes that the only edition of Beddoes is in the two shilling Routledge series. The Fanfrolico Press of London issued, a few months ago, a very handsome edition of the nineteenth century poet, limited to 750 copies and illustrated by the entire set of Holbein's "Dance of Death." It was edited by Sir Edmond Gosse and bears a critical introduction by him.

The appearance of the set provoked a seething retort to an unappreciative critic. J. C. Squire dismissed Beddoes with the irrelevant remark, "He has been called 'The Last of the Elizabethans.' Is that not an adverse criticism in itself?"

The militant editors of the Fanfrolico Press replied: "This remark is a characteristic self-exposure of Mr. Squire, who has been called 'The Last of the Quidnuncs.' Every lover of imagic poetry must have a Beddoes somewhere accessible. Beddoes alone in all literature concerns himself *vitally* with death. The comparison with modern necrophilia (Beaudelaire and his derivatives) is literally odious; for Beddoes's corpses have a lyrical, not a medical stink. Hence the academic dislike, as mirrored in Mr. Squire's rhetorical question quoted above."

BARNET B. RUDER.

New York.

An Error Corrected

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

May I hasten to correct a misstatement in my review of the Dictionary of American Biography? By a confusion of names, I was led to mention Dr. Stephen Babcock among half a dozen persons omitted from the Dictionary; Dr. Babcock is still very much alive, and actively engaged in research.

ALLAN NEVINS.

New York.

AN ADVERT SEMENT

WHICH CONTAINS ABOUT 800 WORDS CAREFULLY WRITTEN ON CHRISTOPHER MORLEY AND "SEACOAST OF BOHEMIA"

SEACOAST OF BOHEMIA is the title of a little book Christopher Morley has written about the great adventure of the Old Rialto Theatre in Hoboken. The full story of how those four zealots, Morley, Throckmorton, Milliken and Gribble became imbued with the Hoboken Idea, and how in five months of the worst season the New York theatre has ever known they succeeded in standing every hard-boiled tradition on its head, is not unworthy of the thoughtful reader's attention.

THE HOBOKEN IDEA was born when the Holland Tunnel went through from Manhattan to New Jersey. It was tenderly nourished in several tall frosty glasses of mint julep on East 40th Street. It kept a number of young men anxious and sleepless a good many autumn nights. It kept them so busy that, as Christopher Morley remarked one afternoon, for three months he hadn't had time to buy a pair of socks or get his hair cut. For fifteen lean weeks, during which they put on eleven different productions, these infatuated desperadoes hung on. The setting for their first show, *The Barker*, was fabricated by the ingenious Throckmorton out of a discarded sail from a New York Yacht Club 40-foot sloop. Their second show did a total business for the week of considerably less than they now take in at any single performance. Their third bill, *The Spider*, almost created a riot and caused a famous actor who happened to be there to remark that never since Shakespeare's time had any theatre had an audience of such Elizabethan vivacity. They then raised their top price from 75 cents to 99 cents and began seriously to set their cap at the Upper Classes. A famous newel-post, once sawed off in the dead of night from a stairway in a New York speakeasy, a newel-post which had formed part of the stage decor in many smart Broadway productions, was imported to lend tone to settings of interiors. Still business was meagre, and still they hung on. They were certain only of one thing, that they had a REAL IDEA; that the New York theatre was overcentralized, overpriced, overspeculated, oversophistried; and that theatre-goers were starved for genuine Entertainment, fair prices, and Parking Space.

THEY HUNG ON; by what obstinacies of thrift and recklessness only themselves can say. They not only hung on, they made merry. No one in the company would ever have imagined they had an anxiety in the world. As Arthur Morris, veteran trouper who plays Old Tom in *After Dark*, has said, "That's Showmanship." On the fifteenth week, with their revival of Dion Boucicault's old melodrama *After Dark*, they first broke even. *After Dark* was an immediate hit. The possible three weeks' run they dared to hope for has already stretched to ten Capacity Weeks, and will continue indefinitely. Already fifty thousand New Yorkers have crossed the river to Hoboken to see *After Dark*. The Four Horsemen of Hoboken have had to lease a second theatre to continue their producing plans, and fifteen thousand daily calls for that famous number Hoboken 8088 have nearly disrupted the Hoboken telephone exchange. The psychology and future of a whole New Jersey county have already been altered by this thrilling experiment.

SEACOAST OF BOHEMIA, the little book this advertisement is really concerned with, was originally intended as a secret souvenir for those who had been intimately associated in this Hoboken adventure. But we persuaded Christopher Morley to let us publish it because it tells the inside story of one of the most honorable, unlikely, and hilarious achievements that any group of people ever rejoiced in.

SEACOAST OF BOHEMIA is charmingly illustrated with drawings by John Alan Maxwell and Jeanette Warmuth, old prints and playbills from Hoboken's Elysian days, sketches for stage settings by Cleon Throckmorton, and reproductions of some of those much remarked Monday morning advertisements in the New York *World* which first called Manhattan's attention to the Old Rialto Theatre—the ads which used to tickle people by saying "Cherish this, you know we can't afford to advertise often." Mr. Morley ruefully admits that this catchline has had to be omitted from later advertising because it's no longer true.

SEACOAST OF BOHEMIA costs $1.50, there are 3,500 copies in the First Edition, it is on sale in all alert bookshops, **and is published, as are all Christopher Morley's books, by Doubleday, Doran & Company, Garden City, N. Y.** A complete list of titles, excluding jeux d' esprit and occasionalia:—

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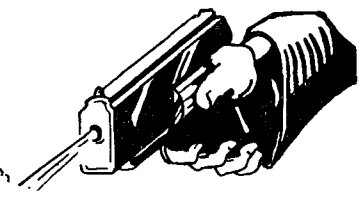

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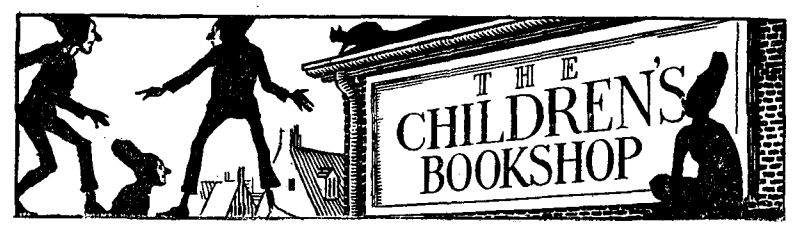

Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

A Letter from Italy

By LEONILDA G. SANSONE

YOU ask me to look up for you some Italian children's books, and you do not realize what a demand you are making. Do you not know that here in Italy, in this sunny Naples, we have no special bookshops for Italian children? What I am writing in this letter I have only been able to obtain partly through much searching, and partly through luck.

Do you know that Angelo Silvio Novaro has received a prize for his "Il Cestello," a book of children's poems? Mondadori awarded the prize to him after a great deal of deliberation. The poems are serious and with a mystical touch that Novaro always puts into his work. Especially beautiful and idealistic are the three poems of St. Francis of Assisi. The book is delightfully illustrated by Domenico Buratti.

In looking through the latest novels of Riccardo Crivelli I came across a pretty little book called "Parapino e Sperindio," illustrated by Alberto Varadi. It seems to me that the illustrations are too brilliantly suggestive for so unpretentious a book. They remind one of Cruikshank turned Italian. It is only an ordinary fairy tale told in verse, with here and there a little moral humorously expressed.

Full of life and fun is a book of verse by Dante Dini called "Lo Zufolo," illustrated by Pinochi, and published by Mondadori. Garlands and birds' nests and snow scenes; La Befana, grandmother's spectacles, and the big white cat who looks with contempt upon the dirty little boy; all these and many other things have a share in these delightful lyrics. The illustrations are adorable.

I won't tell you anything about "Storielle di Brachetta," by Rontini, because it is so vulgar, so poorly expressed, and so goody-goody. I have often chortled over the many volumes of "Yambo's" books, with their queer little black and white designs made by the author himself, and am much pleased to know that Mondadori has just published a new edition of "Storia di una Donnina col Nasino all 'Insu." Mario, a typical little mischievous boy, writes a diary, the main subject of which is his baby sister, Dina, whose nose goes up! You will enjoy it as much as your children will.

The most useful and important book that I could find is published by Bemporad, written by Fioravanti, called "Bimbi che Recitano" ("Children Who Recite"). Teachers and mothers will be grateful for it, for it contains many dialogues and monologues that can be used for holiday recitation, both at school and at home. The author is assistant director of schools in Genoa, and has used all the sketches in his classrooms. They are short, lively, and humorous.

Tomaso Monicelli has transcribed and adapted to modern Italian eight popular fairy tales which Bruno Angoletta has illustrated in beautiful colors with futuristic designs. The tales, although universal, have a twist characteristic of Italy. "Nullino e Stellina," by the same author, is all about the adventures of a little boy and girl who lived in the days when fairies performed miracles and children could understand the language of animals and birds and flowers. The black and white designs that are all through the book are more artistic and delicate than the colored plates which seem rather like caricatures.

Adolfo Padovan in his usual easy style has published a new book for young men and boys, "Il Trentanovelle." Adventures on land and on sea, man-to-man fights with plenty of mystery and thrills. Just the kind of a book to give the young boy in high school whose Italian teacher is continually demanding a "real boy's book."

In passing I noticed a new life of Florence Nightingale with the title, "Sono la Tua Serva e Tu Sei Il Mio Signore." It is one of the important books which make up the series published by Le Monnier for Italian youth. To this collection also belongs a simple and clear novel by Maria Di Cesare, "La Sola Ragione." It is interesting to note how many young men and women are writing not for children, not for grown-ups, but for youth, the youth to which Mussolini appeals in his Fascista Hymn, "Giovinezza." For this same youth we have a book of letters of Elizabeth Browning edited by Giorgia Pisani.

And lest the children of Italy forget the deeds of their heroes, Fabietti has told the story of Emilio and Attilio Bandiera, who were friends of Mazzini and sacrificed their lives for the independence of Italy. Very simply told, this narrative grips one's patriotic feeling so strongly that one is proud of having a country to fight for.

Reviews

AN AMERICAN FARM. By RHEA WELLS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by WILHELMINA HARPER

AT first sight, we realize that Rhea Wells's "An American Farm" is a book out of the ordinary. Its clear, heavy type, and its very splendid illustrations in black-and-white arouse ready interest. Throughout the story the author has endeavored to emphasize the rural life of East Tennessee. He has done this well. The local color presented is in no sense artificial, for Mr. Wells spent his boyhood on this same type of farm which he describes. His understanding is both harmonious and perfect, and his knowledge is very complete.

"An American Farm" is not essentially fiction. There is no stirring event, no unusual series of happenings, but simply a detailed account of everyday life on a southern farm. The first chapter begins, "Down the main street of a tired little town in East Tennessee an old negro drove a buckboard wagon." On the seat beside Uncle Jerry are the two boys, David and Peter, aged ten and twelve respectively, whose daily life on the farm is recounted in each chapter of the book. The trip to town with the old negro servant is a gala day for the boys. Court is in session, all the country folk have come to town, and David is busy trading his knife, marbles, and candy for some white mice which another boy has for sale, while Peter is off doing his mother's errands. In the next chapter the boys have another interesting trip with Uncle Jerry—this time with a load of wheat to be ground at the mill. A long and careful description is given of the process of flour making, and of wheat threshing time on the farm.

Mr. Wells is one of the first children's authors to hit upon the idea of giving accurate information of farm life in more or less fictional form. One of the best points of the book is that it is instructive without appearing to be so. The author's style is clear and understandable. His characters are well drawn. David and Peter are in the foreground, with occasional mention of father and mother, and the farm helpers. But this is no departure, as the lesser characters need little interpretation. Dialect is largely used in the conversational parts. Mr. Wells excels in his descriptions of nature, with such passages as: "Indian summer lasted for several weeks with its mellow warmth. The sunlight filtered through the blue haze with a subdued brilliance and as soon as the sun sank behind the hills there was a crisp coolness in the air." There is much in this book which strikes a responsive chord in one who has lived in the south, and whose memory is pleasantly stirred with the descriptions of many familiar scenes.

But the book has weaknesses as well, particularly in the matter of tense, when the author states that the boys "would do" such and such a thing, instead of introducing the incidents in a natural sequence as if it were a story and not typical Tennesseean farm life. The story interest is not well sustained because of the poor sequence in places, and some of the descriptions are much too detailed. The book is more instructive than anything else. But perhaps that is its purpose. It would be quite valuable as an agricultural reader in the fifth and sixth school grades. But if it is intended to be a book of fiction, it should follow the style of "Tommy Tucker on a Plantation," by Dorothy L. Leetch, where a real story runs through the picture of a little boy's life on a long ago plantation.

When Rhea Wells wrote "Peppi the Duck" he entered a field for which he is highly qualified. We would heartily welcome another similar animal book.

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THE THREE OWLS. By ANNE CARROL MOORE. New York: Coward-McCann. 1928.

Reviewed by ELSA H. NAUMBURG
Child Study Association

THIS is a significant evaluation of progressive thought in the increasingly important field of children's literature. It is a sound appraisal of the best of the old and the new material. To the editing and writing of the unsigned articles, Miss Moore has brought her own creative ability, broad experience, and vision. Realizing that children must have first-rate poets and authors, she has pressed into service as critics as well as authors, Carl Sandburg, Padriac Colum, Henry Beston, and others. She has called upon James Daugherty, Edward Shepard, and Boris Artzybasheff as creators and critics. In addition, she has enlisted the enthusiastic coöperation of many of the best known children's librarians. The Owls enter the kingdom of poetry with Walter de la Mare, A. A. Milne, and Rachel Field.

Miss Moore's volume advocates the new conception and interpretation of the writing of history, adventure, travel, exploration, and biography, and places emphasis upon the right of the modern child to demand an accurate and comprehensive account of progress in science, invention, mechanics, and industry. It is an important and eloquent presentation of the view that the study of children's literature belongs by inherent right in the curricula of well organized departments of English of our colleges and universities.

The Three Owls have warmly welcomed the publication of good picture books and insisted upon the need for artists who will produce the kind of pictures children are looking for. In this connection they emphasize the necessity of directing attention to the outstanding qualities and vitality of foreign picture books for the pre-school child. On the other hand, they have not given proper recognition to the notable progress made by psychologists in determining the influence exerted by the interest, emotions, and mental grasp of early childhood in shaping pre-school literature. More encouragement should have been given to the fresh discoveries of teachers and groups in progressive schools, who, like Lucy Sprague Mitchell, are experimenting directly in story building founded on daily experiences and interests.

The material in the "Three Owls" is put together in the approximate order in which the articles appeared in *Books* of the *Herald Tribune.* A more systematic arrangement along the lines of subject matter would have increased the usefulness of the book. It should, however, be eagerly welcomed by all who work for and with children; by teachers young and old in experience, by social welfare workers and psychologists, and by parents who are eager to guide and develop literary values and independence of judgment in their young people. As an authoritative and inspiring reference book in the field of literature for children, it bespeaks admiration and deserves permanent recognition.

PLAYS FOR PEOPLE AND PUPPETS. By CATHERINE F. REIGHARD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1928. $2.50.

THE LANTERN AND OTHER PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928. $1.75.

Reviewed by JACK CRAWFORD.
Yale University

ANY one who has struggled to find suitable and presentable plays for children knows how difficult a problem this is. Masterpieces in this particular literary field are even more difficult to find. To be sure there is "Alice in Wonderland," and Sir James Barrie's "Peter Pan," after which the list of masterpieces comes to an abrupt stop. Walter de la Mare's "Crossings" is somewhat too subtle for the child, beautiful as it is as a play.

So many times an author, trying to write quaintly for what he believes is the child's point of view, succeeds only in pleasing *grown-ups with his whimsicalities.* Such works are like the artistic toys one sees in some shops: father and mother exclaim over them, but son and daughter continue to play with some odd rags and sticks of their own inventing.

An author must approach in humility of spirit the task of writing for children. He must retain in part of his imagination an attic full of vivid memories of childhood, and as he writes keep his inward eye steadily upon the visions conjured up by these memories. Above all, he should strive for purity and simplicity of style, remembering also that a child will learn more from beauty than he will from any copybook maxim parading itself as "a didactic purpose."

The safest rule, perhaps, to follow is that chosen by Catherine Reighard in her "Plays for People and Puppets." She takes stories that children have liked time out of mind and puts them on her puppet stage. There the children may meet in a new and vivid form their old friends Jack and the Beanstalk, Rumpelstiltskin, Aladdin, and the to them less familiar Pierre Patelin.

"The Lantern," by Abbie Farwell Brown, ventures into New England during the Revolution. History is now being taught in schools by the medium of dramatics, but there are perils to be overcome by the writers. Miss Brown does not escape two of them, a rather pompous style (why *will* writers turn the heroes of the Revolution into wooden Indians?) and a slightly sentimental view of her material.

The other plays in her collection are a version of the Greek myth "Rhoecus," "The Wishing Moon," and "The Little Shadows," two original fantasies.

Of these two collections Catherine Reighard's will probably be the more useful to directors of children's theatres.

THE PICTURE BOOK OF TRAVEL: Told and Pictured by BERTA and ELMER HADER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by ANNA S. BRACKETT

THIS, a 64-page quarto with lithographs in flaunting colors and others in bold outline and solid mass of blue and black, with large, clear type and eye-resting spaces, seems, in its graphic features, to be offered to children from about six to ten; but the running exposition addresses itself to globe trotters in geography and antiquarians in history who could hardly have reached such estate before age eleven, more likely age thirteen. The text is strictly informative, but pleasantly so. And when it forgets that it is presenting a crowded subject that must be thinned out for children, it strikes a pace to interest the wise ones of the grammar grades, with enough of fundamental sociology and economics to start their thinking in that direction.

The illustrations are truly and primarily illustrative, and here among thirty-two pages of blaring form and color are many that have persistent quality. There are crags and fissures of the glacial period, a modernistic treatment that stirs the imagination to the sense of a riven and reshaping earth. Better still is the picture showing a first use of wheels. Of the prints in blue and black, "The Oxcart," a road scene in British India, is a masterpiece in effective composition of poster simplicity. So, too, is the long file of laden camels curving round the brim of a desert basin toward a not distant oasis, their shadows sharp and blue on the white sand. These pictures and others are so good that it pains us to find some that are mediocre. In most of the scenes children appear, delightfully natural in whatever they are doing.

Reading the story, we sight a few peccadillos. There is an implication that all developed roads wind "in the very lines of the early footpath," thereby discounting the great engineering feats in leveling, tunneling, bridging, that have shortened mileage and eased the pull. This country's National Road is mentioned, but not enough is made of the enormous outlay for road development appropriated continuously from 1814 to 1832 by our middle Atlantic states. But to review the accuracy of all the interesting statements in this book would tax the omniscience of a perennial tourist or the statistician of a universal transit commission. We retreat to safer ground—New York's Broadway. This picture of "Broadway in 1880" stirs us to negation. No car tracks were laid on Broadway until 1885; and when the cars were operated, the stages were discontinued. Passengers in the cars did not sit facing front, but faced the aisle. The stages were not built to carry passengers atop. The "victoria" pictured is not a victoria. The safety type of bicycle was not made until four years later.

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A Letter from France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

RÉGIS MICHAUD'S "Panorama de la Littérature Contemporaine aux Étas-Unis" (Kra) is truly panoramic. It does not attempt a systematization; it eschews abstract categories. Michaud has resisted a temptation into which all professors, especially those of Latin formation, are apt to fall. His book is the fourth volume of an interesting and useful series, the object of which is to display (not discuss), and express (rather than explain), the chief currents of life and literature in the chief countries of the world.

It is not for me, writing in an American paper, to say whether Mr. Régis Michaud has fully succeeded in his limited yet formidable task. If an American writer summarized French contemporary literature in less than six dozen thousand words, I should probably feel inclined to a certain scepticism as to the perfection of his achievement. If, writing in a French paper, an American offered me his guarantee for the adequateness—even panoramic—of the performance, I should probably underestimate his guarantee.

But the spirit in which the subject is approached and dealt with, the principle of the whole affair, the point of view from which the sketch is made, that is quite another pair of shoes, *une autre paire de manches.* There, I am on my own ground, and *that* comes within my ken. After all, Michaud writes for us, and the likes of us, poor devils, who may know American people and affairs ever so well from afar (and guess more), but who must rest content with having a good, working, first-hand, spot experience of two or three continents in the Old World, and none of the New. There are still some of us in Europe, who have lived, and will die, without experiencing the special Revelation which three months' lecturing in the States is supposed to procure.

Now, in what spirit do the most recent European interpreters of America generally approach American life and literature? I am afraid we have not yet recovered from the delicious shock of Columbus's discovery. Every new generation must not only rediscover America, but reshape its own America in its own image, and embody in it whatever growths of consciousness and aspirations to a new order are dormant in their own age. America had no sooner been found and named than it became a radiating center of epic and romance. The Golden Age, Paradise Lost and Regained, above all the Noble Savage, all these myths, reborn or invigorated in new-found America, are still alive in our imagination. And lo, how easily a trip over the Atlantic can make them blossom again. We Europeans all tend to become apocalyptic when we hear or think of America, and it must be confessed that we are not unencouraged by some Americans. Not theirs, not ours, the weakness of giving an undue importance to what is human in humanity, at the expense of what is national in nations. What we look for, and sometimes invent, are their contrasts, even though the sum of their similarities is a thousand times greater than their differences. Yes, every European generation rediscovers a twice different America—different from itself, and different from us,—and, in every fresh concept of America, we reincarnate our own myths. In La Fayette's time, it was patriotism, nationalism, self-independence. In Tocqueville's time it was individual liberty, the triumph of personality. Now, it is almost the reverse.

What our seers (even yours) seem to isolate and bring into relief is a vision of infinite and mechanical expansion, mixed with mental oppression, moral repression, loss of self-expression, collective or individual, all attributed to a conflict between the forces of Puritanism on one side, and, on the other, incongruous yearnings towards a regressive animality. The Golden Age has become, it appears, the age of gold, the religion of the dollar, but it must and does retain its glamour. Filibustry, Equality, Prosperity, such, it appears, is the new motto. The Noble Savage has ceased to be either noble or savage, but not to be necessary to our myth-hunger. So he must be kept, under another guise. The American of to-day, though despoiled of his feather dress, and his squaw of her cow-skins, but not her tattooings, are described to us, like the Huron of yore, as the children of Fate and Nature, sheepish and epic at the same time, candid and complete patterns of what is most modern in modernity.

Open at random the most important books on America published in Europe since the war, and you will find the picture of a country at the same time oppressed, repressed, and truculent, irrepressible, apocalyptic. Our self-appointed guides introduce us to a *Puritania* which is also a *Pruritania.* Such is the America which one half of Europe, the half that has, at one time or other, gone begging in the States, wants the other half to visualize.

But we, who have *not* lectured, prospected, or conducted orchestras on your side of the Atlantic, and not published books on America (though we would, if we could), all of us who are still awaiting our Revelation, we cannot help suspecting that there is something less epic, epileptic, apoplectic, and apocalyptic in your blessed continent. Its colossal and exceptional aspect we are tempted to forget, in favor of something perhaps more important because more similar to the rest of the world. Even America must, like ourselves, have its comic and cosmic side—not necessarily humorous, not inevitably incongruous—but comic in the Meredithian sense, that is human and cosmic in the universal sense, that is conformable with the rest of the universe. In short, there are a few of us here who are getting tired of philosophies, visions, revelations of America, chiefly when they emanate from self-appointed prophets and precursors. What . . . they cannot even pretend that, in your mental deserts, they have lived on locusts.

Perhaps these are the reasons why we welcome a book like Régis Michaud's "Panorama." From the first page of the Introduction, the ambition to extract a philosophy of America from a sketch of its contemporary literature is explicitly disclaimed. We cannot yet, says the author, synchronize history and literature in America. Both are of yesterday. I shall narrate events, describe movements, sketch portraits. Others will explain, pass judgments. I am here as a surveyor, not an architect. In this manner, he has produced an unpretentious book, eminently readable, suggestive; sometimes becoming inevitably a catalogue of names, in other places extremely shrewd, penetrating, and very much alive; on the whole, a quite welcome addition to the mountain of literature on Literature. It is your business, after reading it, to decide whether it truly represents the state of contemporary life and letters in America. For aught I know, there is not much in it to quarrel with.

In his former book on the American Novel, Michaud was more dogmatic. The popular and threadbare notion of America as Prometheus Unbound, casting off the shackles of Puritanism, spitting, as it were, Freudian blood and corruption, is still vaguely represented in his "Panorama" by certain little fossils. Hawthorne would be inexplicable without *refoulements personnels.* Psychoanalysis does not entirely explain Poe, but accounts for a good deal of him. Puritan indifference and hostility smothered Melville's message of emancipation. Jack London's "Call of the Wild" "challenged Puritan anæmia." Whitman *struggled titanically against* "Puritan prohibitions"; his "sap spurted out right in the face of anæmic Puritans." Even Mark Twain is enrolled against "the Puritan conscience."

These are scattered remnants of what, even a short time ago, was considered as the correct view of social and intellectual America. That view is founded upon what I, and others with me, now look upon as a confusion of terms, and an unwarrantable abuse, in both senses, of the word Puritanism. We happen to know very precisely what the word means and the thing implies, if not in America, at least everywhere else. Forgive our fatuousness, but we have often asked ourselves whether the most un-Puritan block of humanity, the most exclusively attached to what is "of the earth, earthy," was not to be found somewhere between the Atlantic and the Pacific. If an intense devotion to those material gains, comforts, pleasures, and objects that are the main end of business was Puritanism, then it seems to us from afar that America would stand in good need of a thorough de-Puritanization. But is *that* the essence of Puritanism? We have yet to learn that the conquest and enjoyment of everything on earth, except perhaps leisure, and contentment, is a necessary attribute of your moral inheritance. Puritanism, in the sense of oppression, repression, does not seem to us specifically American. We see more exacerbated renouncement around our cathedrals, in the stinted and stunted life of our *petite bourgeoisie,* in the rough, austere, joyless existence of our peasantry, than we can evoke through your literature out of a prairie-town. If hard pressed, I would own to a suspicion that the strict Mohammedan or the devout Catholic, or the Cévennes Calvinist are morally nearer the original Puritan than an average modern American.

A moral atmosphere, a certain reticence in sexual matters, does still hover around your much-mixed millions. But does it penetrate them? Is it the *proper* and *only* medium through which we are to visualize America? Is it the *necessary* basis of all ideas and opinions on American life and art? Of course, those who have not been in America, selling tooth-brushes or lecture-room eloquence, are not authorized to reply. Still, when we see the words *Protestant* and *Protestantism* repeated *ad nauseam* a dozen times per page, in a big volume, which, judging from its success, is supposed to have exhaustively, victoriously explained America to Europe, yea, even to Americans, then, though we love the author and admire the book for other reasons, we cannot help rubbing our eyes as in the presence of a conjurer after a successful and popular trick. And we want to inspect the hat from which the rabbits are coming out.

Nothing except a certain hypocrisy regarding sex, which is after all not more protestant than catholic, seems to justify the present outcry against the ghost of Puritanism and its selection as the basic fact of American culture. I congratulate Régis Michaud upon his little guide to contemporary literature in America, because, under the circumstances, and taking into consideration the success of what is most vulgar in recent vulgarizations, it contains a minimum dose of Freudianism, and only a moderate slice of the anti-Puritan *tarte â la crême,* yesterday so fashionable.

Burgundian Architecture

LE ROMAN DE BOURGOGNE. Par CHARLES OURSEL. Illustrated. Dijon: L. Venot; Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 1928. $8.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

THIS handsomely made book in quarto presents the attempt of the learned librarian of Dijon to vindicate the existence and the importance of a Burgundian school of architecture, and especially the high importance of the Abbey of Cluny as a wide-reaching influence in the transition from Romanesque to Gothic. His studies and views parallel at many points those of Professor A. Kingsley Porter, who contributes a preface in a French which American colleagues must envy. M. Oursel cautiously balances the evidence of style with that of documents, with a sound tendency to credit the latter. His literary manner is precise, leisurely, and mellow, and while the book is for the archæologist, it is also entirely eligible for the cultured layman. One may recommend it warmly to young students, for its delicate handling of complicated and confused problems.

In general, M. Oursel wishes to date most Burgundian churches about a quarter of a century earlier than is customary in the handbooks, setting the turn towards Gothic quite at the beginning of the twelfth century. In particular he claims for Cluny a measurable seniority over Moissac, with a corresponding priority and influence in the development of medieval sculpture. Into these contentions and unsettled matters a relative outsider like the reviewer hesitates to venture. It is evident, however, that medieval archæology in France, as in Italy, has been too severely regimented under stylistic categories, which being simple hypotheses, have been exalted to the status of indisputable facts in chronology. If documents interfered with the system, so much the worse for the documents. Whether or not M. Oursel finds support for his radical positions, at least he deserves credit for turning from subjective obfuscations to the immemorial methods of sound historical scholarship.

The Shipmodeller, the official journal of the Ship Model Makers' Club, a magazine which has just issued its first number, will contain matter of practical value. It will have club notices and news; special feature articles, by well known authorities on general ship model topics or particular phases of the art; reproductions of early ships and details from almost priceless books and other sources; much of the precise data so hard to find; photographs of the world's finest ship models; occasional articles on working models—sail and power; reviews of ship model books and magazine articles; notices of exhibitions and competitions; construction hints; notes on tools and materials; queries by members and the answers, and other authentic data of interest to ship model makers. Further information can be procured from E. Armitage McCann, secretary, 55 Middagh St., Brooklyn Heights, N. Y.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ORIENTAL ART. By R. KOECHLIN and G. MIGEON. Macmillan. 1928.

This handsome in quarto is devoted to Near Eastern pottery and textiles and appeals most directly to the collector of this sumptuous art. The brief essays on ceramics by M. Koechlin and on weavings by M. Migeon are well translated by Miss Florence Heywood and give with authority that indispensable minimum of history and chronology which even the most inspirational amateur must command. The glory of the book is the hundred plates of French manufacture which give an excellent approximation of the color of objects that cannot be sensed in monochrome reproductions. Almost equally divided between pottery and textiles, the plates are at their best in the former category. The reproductions of rugs are also good, but stuffs remain refractory to the camera and process engraver. The selection of examples is up-to-date and fine. Apart from the informational value of this book, it sets a high standard of quality to which the intelligent collector will do his best to conform. It should at least expose to any reasonably good eye the inferior and false Near Eastern objects that are commonly offered for sale. It should perhaps be noted that the anthology of reproductions is made puristically. There is rather little beyond the sixteenth century.

ANIMAL DRAWING AND ANATOMY. By *Edwin Noble*. Scribners. $3.75.
THE PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIAN ART. By *Percy Gardner*. Scribners. $3.50.
HOW TO APPRECIATE PRINTS. By *Frank Weitenkampf*. Scribners. $3.

Belles Lettres

FRENCH ROMANTIC PROSE. Edited by *W. W. Comfort*. Scribners. $1.
A HISTORY OF SANSKRIT LITERATURE. By *Arthur A. Macdonell*. Appleton. $1.
THE WHIRLIGIG OF TASTE. By *E. E. Kellett*. Harcourt, Brace. $1.25.
PROUST. By *Clive Bell*. Harcourt, Brace. $1.50.
GENERALLY SPEAKING. By *G. K. Chesterton*. Dodd, Mead.
VALENTINE AND ORSON. By *Arthur Dickson*. Columbia University Press.
HOLIER THAN THOU. By *C. E. Ayres*. Bobbs-Merrill.

Biography

THE PILLOW-BOOK OF SEI SHONAGON. Translated by *Arthur Waley*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
THE ROMANCE OF AN EMPRESS. By *K. Waliszewski*. Appleton. $1.
FACE TO FACE WITH GREAT MUSICIANS. By *Charles D. Isaacson*. Appleton. 2 vols. $1 each.
LAST CHANGES, LAST CHANCES. By *H. W. Nevinson*. Harcourt, Brace. $5.
WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE. By *Marjorie Bowen*. Dodd, Mead.
BILL HAYWOOD'S BOOK. International. $3.50.
AFTER THIRTY YEARS. By *Viscount Gladstone*. Macmillan. $7.50.
THE UNTOLD STORY. By *Mary Desti*. Liveright. $3.50.
BAUDELAIRE. By *Francois Porché*. Liveright. $3.50.
IN THE REIGN OF ROTHSTEIN. By *Donald Anderson Clarke*. Vanguard Press. $2.50.

Drama

THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. Edited by *R. Crompton Rhodes*. Macmillan. 3 vols. $20.
THE TEMPEST. By *William Shakespeare*. A facsimile of the first folio text. Edited by *J. Dover Wilson*. Houghton Mifflin.
BRITISH PLAYS FROM THE RESTORATION TO 1820. Edited by *Montrose J. Moses*. Little, Brown. 2 vols. $12.50.
LOW LIFE AND OTHER PLAYS. By *Mazo de la Roche*. Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
SEVEN MODERN COMEDIES. By *Lord Dunsany*. Putnam. $2.
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF JOHN BUNYAN. A dramatic version arranged by *Wilton Rix*. Appleton.
THE EARLY GERMAN THEATRE IN NEW YORK. By *Fritz A. H. Leuchs*. Columbia University Press.

Fiction

MURDER AT SEA. By RICHARD CONNELL. Minton, Balch. 1929. $2.

The S. S. *Pendragon* left New York for Bermuda with twelve passengers on board. Matthew Kelton, specialist in puzzles, was one of them. Another was Samuel P. Cleghorn, who was soon found murdered in Cabin B. Then the ship's radio was smashed, a sailor was chased overboard by some mysterious horror, a woman was knocked down in a dark passage, another was frightened by evil eyes looking in through her cabin port, and Kelton learned that many of the people aboard were not what they seemed. Unfortunately, little of this had anything to do with the Cleghorn murder. These irrelevancies, a too lavish use of coincidence, and a solution by means of information held out on the reader thoroughly spoil what could easily have been a first-rate detective story.

THE BURNING RING. By KAY BURDEKIN. Morrow. 1929. $2.50.

A green wishing-ring fell from Heaven to the bare knee of a somewhat bloodless sculptor named Carling who, in a shirt and shorts, was sunning himself in his garden. This gift from above wasn't, Mr. Carling soon learned, so generous as it might have been: the ring was potent in only a rather limited field, and was uncomfortably puritanical, making him painfully ill if he touched either alcohol or a woman's mouth. However, he got two dreams out of it. In the first he was an early Briton fawning upon a Roman soldier: thus he learned hero-worship. In the second he was an innkeeper friend and counselor of Charles Stuart: thus he learned friendship, and awakened presumably vastly improved by the whole experience. Timidity in conception and execution, and an inadequately covered allegorical skeleton, keep this from being very effective fantasy.

THAT MAGIC FIRE. By SYLVIA BATES. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.

There is, even as the jacket says, a lyric quality in "That Magic Fire." This derives from the delicate proportional treatment which Sylvia Beach accords her romance, and from the style which shimmers before the commonplace, lending it an alien brilliance, as the air in summer shimmers before ordinary objects causing them to appear unfamiliar. There is a lilt about the book that makes it a thing to be judged in itself, not compared with the hundred and one other books on the same subject. For really it is the eternal triangle with us once again. Only it does not come to mind so. It presents itself rather as the love life, born, broken, and reborn, of a sensitive woman. The men remain secondary: that one of them leaves, that the other is married and left, matters less than the evolution of the woman's character. The reality of days and nights, the country and rivers, reaches out through the writing of "That Magic Fire." It seems almost English in this. American fiction uses nature so often as a mere means to an end that its adequate presentation for its own sake is arresting. We need a sense of the earth and its seasons. Sylvia Bates has not cut as free of the conventional as Romer Wilson or E. H. Young in planting love in the soil and stars but she has wrought newness out of the age-old.

THE JOYOUS PRETENDER. By LOUISE AYRES GARNETT. Macmillan. 1928. $2.

Originality of conception and a style that possesses an individuality are the two features most to be commended in this book. The story is not much. A seduced and betrayed woman leaves the lascivious atmosphere of the city for the wholesomeness of the Great West. There she finds true love in the arms of a man big enough to overlook her Magdalenian shortcomings.

What sets this book apart and makes the rereading of this threadbare story worth while is the author's interpretation of her plot. By making the reader see the story through the eyes of a young, but precocious, boy, a theme dealing with sexual complications is transformed into a charming, naïve little idyll. Young Luke, the lad who leads the betrayed lady away from suicide to the arms of her True Love, does not always see with adolescent eyes. But, on the whole, the book handles life's problems with the naturalness and ingenuousness of youth.

The author, despite moments of turgidity, writes in a simple, straightforward way. At times she tells her story with almost lyrical beauty and intensity. But she tries too desperately throughout to cloak her story in a garb of idyllic beauty. She achieves, rather, a Dresden China-like prettiness, which is the impression her writing leaves with us; just a bit too dainty and fragile.

(*Continued on next page*)

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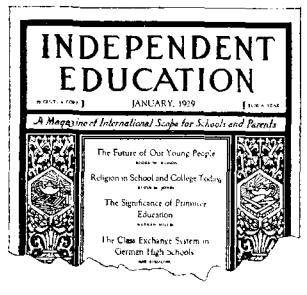
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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

PHANTOM IN THE WINE. By JEAN STARK. Simon & Schuster. 1929. $2.

Most of the characters in this book seem to have come out of other books. Michael and Feodor are brothers, the first all shiny virtue, the second all glittering vice. Nadya is a waif who has been inducted into a gypsy caravan by two Jim Tullys who love her. All men love Nadya. She and Feodor meet in a Saint Petersburg street. He forcibly carries her off to his room, whence she escapes with her chastity and a love for him that lasts while her life lasts, but that doesn't keep her from marrying upright Michael. Nor do Michael's shining virtues keep him from finally killing his evil brother. The publisher calls this a defiant and impetuous first novel of passion and high laughter under the sun and stars of pre-war Russia. The author calls it an ironic romance. The reviewer calls it thinnish melodrama.

THE CASE WITH NINE SOLUTIONS. By J. J. CONNINGTON. Little, Brown. 1929. $2.

This is a very conventional, not altogether exciting, but quite readable detective story. Dr. Ringwood, blundering into the wrong house in a fog, finds young Hassendean dead with two bullet-holes in him. A little later, in the right house, the doctor and Chief Constable Driffield find a strangled maid, and still later, in still another house, the dead body of the woman young Hassendean loved. She has been poisoned and shot. The doctor drops out of the story then, leaving Driffield and Inspector Flamborough to learn which of the nine possible solutions is the correct one. They do it quite satisfactorily, but habitual readers of fictional sleuthing will probably spot the murder in the first half of the book.

GOTOBEDDE LANE. By MARIAN BOWER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.50.

Marion Bower is an English novelist who has inherited much of the generous amplitude of scene and character that marked her literary forebears. She has also the love of her creatures that the earlier English novelists were not ashamed of showing and she has their leisurely manner with a story. "Gotobedde Lane" gives the impression of having all the time in the world at its disposal. Miss Bower feels no obligation to tell everything concerning her characters at once. They go about their doing and their being very much as if no one were writing of them. All of these qualities give a depth to "Gotobedde Lane" which relieves the reader of that sense of being able to poke his finger through the story which the leaner psychological studies of our period so often give.

The scene is laid in East Anglia (Miss Bower's "East Anglian Neighbors" established her sovereignty over this part of England), and the characters are villagers who know but little of the outside world. Number One, Gotobedde Lane, was the real, if not the physical birth-place of Miss Bower's hero, Job Orme. It was here that he began his commercial life, and commerce, he held, "was the only useful purpose of existence." One thought he held for another purpose comes to dominate him even more completely. Like the luckless father of Tess of the D'Urbervilles, he falls a victim to a fanciful ancestry and twines himself desperately about a myth. The story twists and turns, following this theme through the devious windings of its effects through a long life on Job, his family, and friends. In selecting this gnarled character as her hero, rather than some more easily handled romantic type, Miss Bowers shows her indifference to the facile and popular in novel writing—an indifference fully justified by the hardy merit of "Gotobedde Lane."

PARADISE COURT. By J. S. FLETCHER. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

Mr. J. S. Fletcher is true to himself in his most recent yarn. This time the year is 1906 and the scene London, Normandy, and Paris, a terrifying world of nihilists, secret agents, and implacable revengers of blood interpenetrating the placid London life of good King Edward's reign. And if the gaudy and sinister foreigners are less convincing, as is, indeed, their habit, than the more commonplace police-record criminals who provide the intrigue in other of Mr. Fletcher's stories, the more commonplace characters are just as solid and the details of time and place just as satisfactory as ever. More ambitious social historians might envy the effortless touches whereby Mr. Fletcher manages to suggest the atmosphere of 1906—that vanished day, more remote now than the reign of Queen Bess!—without once interfering with the rapid pace of his story. But Mr. Fletcher need envy nobody. Does he not produce two or three hair-raising thrillers a year and rank annually among the best sellers? He is not even hampered by having concealed within him the makings of a considerable literary artist.

THE LOVERS OF THE MARKET-PLACE. By RICHARD DEHAN. Little, Brown. 1928. $2.50.

One has to be tremendously interested in "The Lovers of the Market-Place" to pursue their unhappy adventures to their happy conclusion. Mr. Dehan has chosen to write his long, old-fashioned novel in the longest, most old-fashioned manner possible. There is a deliberate quaintness about the book with its frequent exclamations, asides, and parentheses.

Stephen Braby is an English boy with three passions, one for growing roses, one for his mother, Malvina Braby, and one for his love, Miss Lou. His father, Squire Braby, is a thoroughly bad lot, who during a period when he was an outcast from family and fortune married a girl of the people. Malvina has a pride that her husband lacks and extracts from him a promise never to return to his estate. At the first opportunity for such a return, years later, the Squire hurdles his promise, accepts his inheritance, and lives in the midst of plenty while Stephen and Malvina have scarcely enough to eat. This is of their own choice, however, as the Squire's dearest wish is to force them to live with him. His evil machinations against Stephen, which are in reality a siege in the attempt to regain him. fill most of the book. In the end the squire is punished and Stephen wins to both roses and love.

PEDER VICTORIOUS. By *O. E. Rölvoag.* Harpers. $2.50.
THE GOOD RED BRICKS. By *Mary Synon.* Little, Brown. $2 net.
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THE COMING RACE. By *Lord Lytton.* Oxford University Press. 80 cents.
MAMBA'S DAUGHTER. By *Du Bose Heyward.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. net.
FOX FIRE. By *Jeanne de Lavigne* and *Jacques Rutherford.* Duffield. $2.
ON THE PLANTATION. By *Joel Chandler Harris.* Appleton. $1.
THE WHITE TERROR. By *Felix Gras.* Appleton. $1.
STONE BLUNTS SCISSORS. By *Gerard Fairlie.* Little, Brown.
PRETTY SINISTER. By *Francis Beeding.* Little, Brown. $2 net.
ROME HAUL. By *Walter D. Edmonds.* Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
PRIMA DONNA. By *Pitts Sanborn.* Longmans, Green. 2 vols. $5.
SARTORIS. By *William Faulkner.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
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THE HOUSE ON TOLLARD RIDGE. By *John Rhode.* Dodd, Mead. $2.
A PEARL FOR MY LADY. By *Gurney Slade.* Stokes. $2.
THE PEEP SHOW. By *Alice Dudeney.* Putnam.
THY DARK FREIGHT By *Vere Hutchinson.* Liveright. **$2.50.**
GO AS YOU PLEASE. By *Owen Archer.* Stokes. $2.
THE LASLETT AFFAIR. By *a Gentleman with a Duster.* Macaulay. $2.
SOUVENIR. By *Floyd Dell.* Doubleday, Doran.
THE LEADING MAN. By *Horace Annesley Vachell.* Putnam. $2.50.
RESURRECTION. By *Leo Tolstoy.* Translated by *Louise Maude.* Oxford University Press.
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A GREAT MAN. By *Walter Vogdes.* Longmans, Green. $2.
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THIS SIDE OF JORDAN. By *Roark Bradford.* Harpers. $2.50.
A GOOD MARRIAGE. By *Mary Brearley.* Century. $2.
HER SON. By *Margaret Fuller.* Morrow. $2.50.
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY. By *Clive Arden.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.
THE DIAMOND MURDERS. By *J. S. Fletcher.* Dodd, Mead. $2.
RED HARVEST. By *Dashiell Hammett.* Knopf.
SILVER CIRCUS. By *A. E. Coppard.* Knopf. $2.50.
HEART OF ALSACE. By *René Schickele.* Knopf.
MR. AMBERTHWAITE. By *Louis Marlow.* Knopf. $2.50.
THE LAY CONFESSOR. By *Stephen Graham.* Knopf. $2.50.
IN THOSE DAYS. By *Harvey Fergusson.* Knopf. $2.50.
PEACH BLOSSOM. By *Hugo Wast.* Longmans, Green.

History

THE GREAT REVOLT IN CASTILE. By HENRY LATIMER SEAVER. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $5.

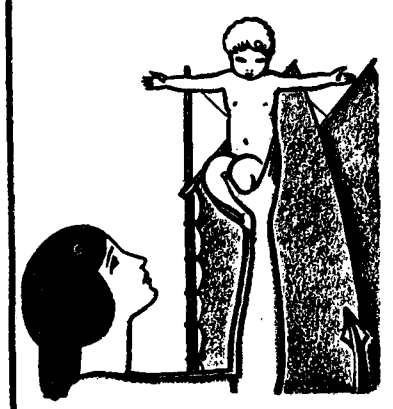
This book is a dramatic account of the Comunero Movement in Spain during the years 1520-1521. It centers around the conspiracies of the mad queen, Juana, daughter of Fernando and Isabell of Spain, and the efforts of Don Carlos to establish his regal power. The book is pleasing in format, illustration, and general appearance. In style, it is irregular and confused. The author has made a genuine effort to popularize a rather complex situation. The chapter headings are clever and well chosen, and the chapters themselves are short and easy reading. No one can doubt for a moment that Professor Seaver has a profound knowledge of his source of material.

MANITOBA MILESTONES. By *M. S. McWilliams,* Toronto: Dent. $2.
THE THIRD REPUBLIC. By *Raymond Recouly.* Putnams. $4.50.
THE AMERICAN SECRETARIES OF STATE AND THEIR DIPLOMACY. Edited by *Samuel Flagg Bemis.* Knopf. $4 net.
VERSAILLES. By *Karl Friedrich Nowak.* Payson & Clarke.

(*Continued on page 672*)

THY DARK FREIGHT

by VERE HUTCHINSON
Author of *Sea Wrack* and *Great Waters*



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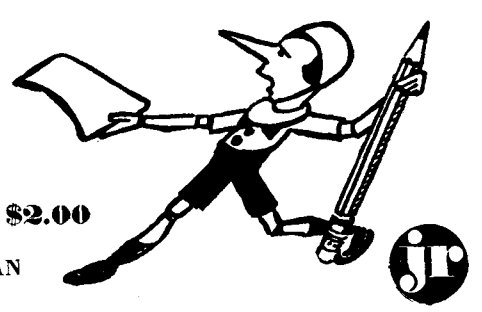

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

L. B. D., Welland, Canada, who has gathered a comprehensive library dealing with Place Nomenclature in Canada and the British Isles, wishes to do the same for Uncle Sam's country.

"ROMANTIC AMERICA," by W. N. Grinnell (Jordan, Chicago, 1926), includes geographic names of the United States, especially Indian; proper names in America are among the subjects treated in H. L. Mencken's "The American Language," with bibliography (Knopf). There are many pamphlets, magazine articles, and documents of societies and colleges from which information may be gathered, but few books in which it is displayed on a large scale. Some of these follow, but I cannot be sure that all are now in print: "Pennsyvania Place Names," A. H. Espenshade, Pa. State College, 1925; "Minnesota Geographic Names," Warren Upham, Minnesota Hist. Society, St. Paul, 1920; "Nebraska Place Names," L. L. Fitzpatrick, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1925; "History of Indian Village and Place Names in Pennsylvania," G. P. Donehoo, *Telegraph* Press, Harrisburgh, 1928; "Some Indian Place Names around Saginaw," Michigan Historical Commission, Lansing, 1928; "Oregon Geographic Names," L. A. McArthur, Portland, 1928; "The Changing of Historic Place Names," G. P. Donehoo, *Tribune* Press, Altoona, Pa., 1921; "History and Geography of Texas as Told in County Names," Z. T. Fulmore, published by the author, Austin, 1926; "Yurok Geography," University of California Press, 1920; "A Handbook for Californians, a Key to Spanish and Indian Place Names," Gertrude Mott Wagner; "A Pronouncing Dictionary of California Names," French Book Store, San Francisco, 1925; "Place Names of the High Sierras," F. P. Farquhar, Sierra Club, San Francisco, 1926; "Origin of Washington Geographic Names," E. S. Meany, Univ. of Wash., 1923."

There are articles on early New Jersey place names in volumes 10 and 11 of the proceedings of the state's Historical Society, Newark, 1926; on the origin of the classical place names of Central New York, in the *Quarterly* of the N. Y. State Historical Association, vol. 7, 1926; on Mormon names in the *Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine*, Salt Lake City, 1920-21, vols. 10-12; about names in Iowa in *American Speech*, Baltimore, vol. 3, 1927. Other leads may be found in the publications of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, Boston; of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society, Springfield, Mass.; of the N. Y. State Department of Education, Albany; in the *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine*, Pittsburgh (a series in vol. 8, 1925); in the *American Anthropologist*, Lancaster, Pa.; in the *American Magazine of History*; in the *Quarterly* of the Oregon Historical Society (vols. 26-29, 1925-6).

One who would study changes in pronunciation of place names may find it going on under his eyes—or ears—all over the country. Morning after morning I used to hear a young conductor carol "Grennidge" at one end of the coach and a middle-aged one come back at him from the other with "Green-*witch*." Quite incredible sounds like Billerica and Groton are readily remembered, but trainmen are yet undecided about Terre Haute. Not all communities are so considerate as Dowagiac, Mich., which sets out in large letters on a sign near the railway station that the name is Doe-WAH-jack; one must learn by ear that Alfred Lunt comes from *Walk*-e-shaw, Wis., spelt Waukesha. French names seem to suffer more change; I have been firmly put in place by a telephone operator in the Middle West because I naively asked for an exchange as Por-tajh. "*Port*-age," said she, severely.

Somehow we have been wont to consider it patriotic to mispronounce words ending in -age. Just after the turn of the century a jest was current of one suburbanite who asked another over the fence if he were going to put his "garradge" in a certain corner, to which the other replied that it did seem to be a good place for the "garrarjh." This held him a moment, but he came back with "Well, I was thinking of using mine for a cab-barjh patch." The success of the joke lay in the rebuke thus administered to language not quite hundred per cent.

Speaking of pronunciations, *L. A. B., Columbus, Indiana*, who owns "The Pronunciation of 10,000 Proper Names," by Mackey (Dodd, Mead), and Utter's "Everyday Pronunciation," can find no help in these excellent manuals for Sigrid Undset, Kristin Lavransdatter, Husaby, The Master of Hestviken, and the first and last names of the hero of the last-named novel. On the authority of the American Scandinavian Foundation, the recent Nobel Prize winner is *Sig*-rid *Un*-set (put two little dots under the U). The heroic lady is *Kris*-tin *Lav*-rans-*dat*-ter, the i's short and the a's broad. Husaby is *Hoos*-ah-bi, and Hestviken is *Hest*-vi-ken with vowels short. Olav Audunsson is *O*-lahv Ow (as in owl) -dunsson (o like e in her or the German o with the umlaut).

These are Norwegian words; for Norwegian or Swedish vowel and consonant sounds consult text-books on these languages for English-speaking students.

G. H., Santa Fé, New Mexico, was aroused to curiosity by Mr. Morley's reference in his "Letter to Leonora" to the happy effect on two readers of Francis Thompson's essay on Shelley and "Dreamthorp." Since that appeared I have made a great effort to locate these, but inquiries at local bookstores and search through books on English literature have revealed neither of them; I cannot even discover the author of the elusive "Dreamthorpe."

THE posthumous essay of Francis Thompson, reprinted from the Dublin *Review*, "Shelley," is published in book form by Scribner for a dollar and a half. In the World's Classics, charming little books published by the Oxford University Press for eighty cents apiece, you will find "Dreamthorpe," by Alexander Smith, with selections from "Last Leaves," edited by Hugh Walker. "Shelley" is edited by Wilfrid Meynell and introduced by George Wyndham.

B. C. S., Weston, West Virginia, suggests for the "discouraged woman" "A Lantern in Her Hand," by Bess Streeter Aldrich, even if the S. R. reviewer did call it hokum. It does have a sugary ending, says this reader, but after all, sugar is an item of one's diet: none of the women who read it in this book-club were particularly discouraged, but it renewed the courage they had. The parents of B. C. S. were Nebraska pioneers of the 'eighties, a college-bred woman and a young lawyer who had a mighty hard time, and she knows what this book is about. I may add that repeated experiences with "A Lantern in Her Hand" in country where pioneer days are yet remembered has convinced me that this honest and light-hearted novel has already a strong hold on the affection of the land. Mrs. Aldrich does manage to get something peculiarly American into her simple stories of family life; I have often recommended them to people who ask what that is really like, outside the jazz centers.

B. C. S. adds to the books for discouragement "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," "Madame Claire," "My Dear Cornelia," and "The Bellamy Trial," and says that in *John o' London's Weekly* for January 5 there was a list of books for discouraged folk, adding: "If there is physical as well as mental illness no book will do any good."

L. W. B., Cambridge, Mass., says: "Rachel Field should be added to the lists of authors of fantasy because she has the quality of pure imagination which is the essence of the *genre*. Most of her one-act plays are fantastic, like 'The Cross-Stitch Heart,' the play about sampler people, and 'Cinderella Married.' 'Three Pills in a Bottle,' originally produced in the 47 Workshop, is surely one of the four or five most popular one-act plays in the United States. 'The Magic Pawnshop' is the nicest of the stories, with delightful overtones for adult readers. It concerns Prinda, a precious child who, when she hears that only a miracle can save her uncle's life, goes out to buy one. She keeps the pawnshop while the owner goes off to stock up on magic and miracles, and so is entrusted with the conscience which a beautiful girl comes to pawn, an ear trumpet which reports what people think instead of what they say, and spectacles which show things as they should be. Several of Miss Field's books are illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry, with whom you might head a list of illustrators of fantasy as companion to your list of authors."

J. C. N., Vero Beach Fla., asks for the best English translation of Lucretius's "De Rerum Natura."

IN the Loeb Classical Library (Putnam, 1924) is the text of the "De Rerum Natura" of Titus Lucretius Carus, with the English translation of William H. D. Rouse on opposite pages according to the custom of these admirable publications. "Of the Nature of Things," in English verse, is one of the volumes of Everyman's Library.

H. M. W., Woodside, L. I., tells the inquirer for a book about references to Sir Francis Drake in Spanish literature that there is a doctoral thesis by J. A. Ray, "Drake dans la Poésie Espagnole, 1570-1732," Paris, 1906, of which there is a copy in Columbia University Library. *H. C., Newark, N. J.*, informs *G. G., Brooklyn*, who asked about the recent translation of "Malleus Maleficarum," that he has a copy for sale, in mint condition, with no premium on the original price. I will forward a note to him. Speaking of this prodigious work, I trust that the tone of my reference to its translator, the Rev. Montague Summers, did not indicate that I was an admirer of his ideas. I do find him immensely interesting, but as the world's prize anachronism. So I agree with the learned custodian of the White Historical Library, Cornell, George Lincoln Burr, who tells me, in the course of a most valuable letter on the literature of witchcraft, that "his (M. S.'s) express purpose in writing is to repudiate all the world has learned since the fifteenth century." Dr. Burr will have an article on the books of the Reverend Mr. Montague in the *American Historical Review* for January, 1929. *M. W., Springfield, Ill.*, adds to the rural school-life books Margaret Lynn's "Stepdaughter of the Prairie" (Macmillan), especially the chapter "The Path to Learning," big girls, slate-rags and all. *M. H., Long Island*, asks if back numbers of "Creative Reading," in which extended reviews of current novels and other recent books appear, may be bought separately, as extra copies of several issues are needed for circulation in this library besides the one for which it subscribes. I am told by the Institute of Current Literature, publishers of "Creative Reading," College House, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass., that so many calls have come for single numbers that they may now be bought for fifty cents apiece. Twenty-five important novels have been so far analyzed at length by competent critics, with as many works of non-fiction. Three of these are the work of the Reader's Guide, who can no longer refrain from crying out that André Gide, whose "The Counterfeiters" she subjected to a long review, has lately written her a long letter in which he says that "Je ne crois pas avoir jamais rien lu sur mes *Faux-Monnayeurs* qui m'ait a ce point satisfait." He then goes on to explain just why it satisfied him, so if there be anyone whom "The Counterfeiters" did not satisfy, this *étude* may help.

As I have exhibited one bouquet, here is another that was just handed over the footlights as this was going to press. *B. A. W., Hillsboro, New Hampshire*, whose "employment is such that I have very few contacts with my fellows," writes that "I have now over five hundred volumes, nearly all of which have been purchased through your advice."

R. C. H., Cleveland, Ohio, is making a collection of antique specimens of porcelain enamelling on metal (such as snuff-boxes), and wishes books to assist him in identifying certain interesting pieces that he has obtained through dealers abroad.

SEVERAL of the handbooks for collectors have chapters for the guidance of those interested in snuff-boxes and other pieces of enamelling. "Chats on Household Curios," by F. W. Burgess (Stokes), has a section on enamels on metals, and there is one on European enamels in Gardner Teall's "The Pleasures of Collecting" (Century). Snuff-boxes appear in Esther Singleton's "Social New York under the Georges, 1714-1776" (Appleton), a work that though out of print can no doubt be found in such a library as that in Cleveland. No doubt this has also catalogues of sales in which such objects figure, which provide some of the most important information for the collector, and are often nobly illustrated. There is one, for instance, in the N. Y. Public Library, of a "précieuse collection de tabatière des époques Louis XV et Louis XVI," by Charles Mannheim, whose pictures are of rare beauty.

For a more thoroughgoing treatment of the subject, a standard work is Herbert Maryon's "Metalwork and Enamelling," published in this country by Scribner: this covers goldsmith and silversmith work and their allied crafts, including enamelling. There are several hundred drawings. L. F. Day's "Enamelling" (Batsford) requires a knowledge of elementary processes of metal working, but will be an aid to the enjoyment of museum specimens.

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from page 670*)

(*The Children's Bookshop appears on page 666*)

MASTERMAN READY. By CAPTAIN MARRYAT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928.

This is the eighteenth volume in the so-called Louis Rhead Classics, and the first of the titles illustrated since Louis Rhead's death. John Rae was an excellent choice for this Marryat romance, and Frank E. Schoonover furnishes a distinguished frontispiece in color. There are four color plates by Rae also, but the main part of his work is in black and white. The tale needs no bush of words. This is a forthright, hearty story of shipwreck, exploration, and adventure, of a family cast away among coral islands, of encounters with wild beasts and savages, the defense of a stockade, and suchlike matter, with Swiss-family-Robinsonish and Robinson-Crusoeish domestic detail, with final rescue by a schooner, and the death of the fine old stalwart seaman whose name gives its title to the book. "My idea," said Marryat in his preface, "is to show the practical man in Ready, and the theoretical in the father of the family; and, as the work advances, to enter more deeply into questions which may induce children to think, or, by raising their curiosity, stimulate them to seek for information." It seems to the present reviewer that the classic spinner of sea-yarns has succeeded in both attempts. His story is authentically informative in accordance with the knowledge of his time, as well as being a narrative packed with interesting and exciting incident. The language of the dialogue and certain pious reflections are naturally in the manner of another day, but there is nothing pedantic about the style of the tale. And the illustrations and pleasing chapter-headings present it most attractively.

ROCKY BILLY. By HOLLING LANCY HOLLING. Macmillan. 1928. $2.

Rocky Billy is simply great, and true to life. Mr. Holling shows that he knows mountain goats and this one in particular, for Rocky Billy is or was a real personage up on Squaw Asleep Mountain back in the Canadian Rockies, and capable of everything ascribed to him. Everyone will love Billy from the moment he precipitates himself off the Sunshine Rock into the First Tree—and your heart. His portrait and Mamma Nan's on the end-pieces as well as a few dozen others scattered through the book are from the author's hand, made while watching Billy through field glasses. This is a distinctive kind of animal story.

PANTHER MAGIC. By OLAF BAKER. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.

This is an American book of the sort of which we have too few, where unusual backgrounds of historic authenticity are presented, in which unusualness and historicity are subdued to the quality of entertainment. It is the story of a half-Indian boy in one of the frontier communities of the earlier West—what we now describe as Middlewest—and his relations with a panther—mountain lion or puma in other regions—which he knew first as a cub, later as the companion of forest wanderings and finally, when they were both captives, in a traveling menagerie of the period. The character of the Indian Thunder Boy is well drawn, the character of Manoo the panther subtly understood. Nothing is over done, nothing artificially heightened as is so often the case with animal figures in fiction. The forest background is completely mastered, and the author has happily resisted the impulse to instruct which so often afflicts the writer who makes the outdoor scene an item in the plot of his story.

We have seen nothing of Mr. Baker's previous work, though he is credited on the cover with two other stories of similar scope and material. He should go far if his willingness to submit himself to the discipline of literary method is equal to his mastery of his material. The book is a definite contribution to that difficult period between childhood and youth, and is recommended as a welcome item in the literature of escape as substitute for the wearyingly popular detective story of the hour.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF DOGS. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.

That fountain of boys' fiction, Mr. Ralph Henry Barbour, who can jet simultaneously from three or four publishers without impairing his brightness and ardor or losing his hold on the boys, turns momentarily to his readers' adjunct, the dog, and the result is a breezily written and decidedly interesting compendium of the *Canidae*.

The book begins paleolithically where the First Cave Man, a little tired of chasing dinner, is thinking "Why wouldn't it be a dandy scheme to keep a dog?" From wild dogs through near dogs, the conversational narrative comes to the dogs who earn their keep, who save life, who go to war, and to famous dogs, such as Balto of Nome.

The second half of the book is a handy guide to dog-keeping, and its suggestions as to buying your pup, raising, and training him, are not only sound but inciting. The boy who reads this book will undoubtedly own a dog as soon as possible, and the final chapters portray the varieties he has to choose from. This admirable dog primer ends with an idea sometimes overlooked: that it is just as well for the dog owner to be worthy of his dog.

THE PICTURE BOOK OF FLYING. By FRANK DOBIAS. Macmillan. 1928. $2.

An interesting book that misses its mark. Unfortunately Mr. Dobias is not an aviator or he would not have made the errors that he has made. For an instance, it is very bad form to try to fly from an airplane carrier with the wind! The "Dornier" flying boat is figured and called an amphibian, which is a rather serious mistake, since it would be practically impossible to make so large a machine of that particular design amphibious. An error more misleading than these is found in the diagram of a cockpit equipped with a wheel control; here the wheel, used for balancing the ship, is indicated as a steering wheel—the text, too, shows the author's ignorance of flying at this point. Neither is he a naturalist, for penguins are Antarctic, not Arctic, birds. The text throughout is rather sketchy and reads like a pocket encyclopedia or almanac. We cannot recommend it to a discriminating reader. As a picture book it is highly picturesque.

POEMS FOR PETER. By LYSBETH BOYD BORIE. Lippincott. 1928. $1.75.

This is a book of small rhymes illustrated by small scissor-cut silhouettes done by Lisl Hummel. Mrs. Borie's verses originally appeared, some of them, in the *Forum*. Others are to be found only in the book. Some of the rhymes are quite natural and embody what a little boy really might say; some are literary and "cute" with the cuteness of grown-ups, and pretty sentimental grown-ups at that,—not children. Yet upon the whole Peter and his sayings are likable. There is to us nothing superlatively good in the small yellow volume. The versifying is well enough, but obviously not the work of an expert. The pictures are "cunning" enough, but not lively to a degree. The little book will probably please many mothers of small male infants. It embodies some rather amusing nursery points of view. That is about all that can be said for this trifle. It would be too "childish" for most children able to read for themselves.

A JOLLY TRIP TO MUSIC LAND. By LILLIE LE PLA. Nelson. 1928. $1.

In these days of much invention and original thought there is no excuse for any intelligent child to remain in ignorance of good music. Surely the days of tearful and tiresome practice are past, and, as one of our noted music publishers expresses it in his recent publication, music study is now "Music Play for Every Day." One of the latest little books published for the purpose of making the study of music happy and attractive is by Leslie Fairchild, and is entitled, "A Jolly Trip to Music Land." Many amusing pictures adorn this book, and the text and music are so simple that a child could almost teach itself. The book takes up the fundamentals of piano playing and teaches in a friendly and easy manner the meaning of the notes, time, the language of musical expression, and, in a clever way, touches upon the instruments of the orchestra. Towards the end of the book the notes of "Taps" and the Reveille bugle calls are ingeniously brought in. The book closes with an introduction to the scales. This little work, though of no intrinsic importance, will undoubtedly appeal to many a teacher and student as an "easy way."

THE BOY'S LIFE OF THE WRIGHT BROTHERS. By MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY. Harper. 1928. $2.

As we were celebrating the twenty-fifth year of powered flight by man it is fitting that there be a suitable book written for boys about the original inventors. The story of these devoted Wright brothers is

(*Continued on page 675*)

The Compleat Collector.

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CCCXIV

(After proof-reading 313 sonnets of George Henry Boker)

AH! Sweet, how long shall Time with his black hearse
(*I wonder if that "Time" should be in Caps—*
Lower case for mine, but lots of other chaps
Bespread tall letters over all their verse)
Shall Time drag on, grief-stricken, to immerse
His load of cares, and sorrow, and mishaps
In Lethe's flow! (*That hyphen, now—perhaps*
Should be deleted—That em dash is worse!)
So Time drags on, and Life. What is it more
Than one damned sonnet following its mate?
(*And here they run to nearly sixteen score—*
Four thousand lines of love, and pain, and hate!
Grant Boker, Lord, eternal rest in Thee;
He wrote enough for all eternity!)

P. S.

University of Paris

THE first printed account of the University of Paris is contained in a small book under the above title written by Robert Goulet and published by Toussains Denis in 1517. A copy of this book in the Penniman collection at Yale University Library has been translated by Robert Belle Burke, and issued in an edition of one thousand copies by the University of Pennsylvania Press. The contents of the volume—the first translation into English—are surprisingly readable and entertaining. In the order of the procession at Commencement they ordered those things better in Paris in 1517 (perhaps because printing had been introduced into France by a rector of the Sorbonne some forty odd years before): the book-sellers, paper-merchants, bookbinders, parchmenters, illuminators, and scriveners had a place, though a humble one, in the proceedings. Nowadays they are either not recognized at all, or, worse still, as at Oxford last year, are inveighed against as not really worthy of academic notice!

The book is well printed on fine paper, and has a very interesting and well-handled title-page. The more extended use of red initials and a little more restraint in the typography would have been better. R.

Auction Sales Calendar

SOTHEBY, London. February 11-14 inclusive. English literature, including a collection of Sir Walter Scott first editions and the original series of the "Tudor Translations," edited by W. E. Henley; books on the Napoleonic period; Kelmscott Press books; several fifteenth century French manuscript Horae B. V. M.; a collection of Robert Whittington's rare educational tracts, printed by deWorde between 1517 and 1524, two of which are apparently the only copies known; several letters of Dr. Johnson's, including seven to Mrs. Thrale; an unpublished autograph ballad opera for marionettes, by Lewis Carroll; the inscribed dedication copy of Shaw's "Man and Superman" to A. B. Walkley; an autograph manuscript—"Fragment of a Greek Tragedy"—by A. E. Housman; illuminated manuscripts; a silver Horn Book; letters of Marie Antoinette, W. M. Thackeray, and Oscar Wilde; and an unpublished series of letters of Lord Hardwicke on the American Revolution.

On February 4-6, a miscellaneous collection of books, the property of various owners, was sold at Sotheby's. It included material ranging from incunabula to works on Mexico and Central America, as well as Mary Queen of Scots. If such sales ever occur in this country, the fact is invariably concealed in an alphabetical arrangement of the items, but in England the arrangement is entirely by the different persons who have sent in the volumes offered in the catalogue. And even then, an order suggested by the alphabet is seldom followed. Few Americans would have the patience necessary to go through such lists, looking for the titles that might interest them.

The library of the late Raymond J. Schweizer was sold at the Anderson Galleries February 7th and 8th. The chief items of interest were unusually large and fine collections of Defoe, Kipling (many of the copyright pamphlets), Smollett, and James Stephens, and a Second Folio Shakespeare.

G. M. T.

Notes by Lady Louisa Stuart on "George Selwyn and His Contemporaries." By John Heneage Jesse. Edited by W. S. Lewis.

MR. WILMARTH SHELDON LEWIS, whose collection of Walpoleana is second only to one other collection, has chosen not only to house it with fitting dignity, but to proceed also with the publication of manuscript material in his possession. Last year he was happily inspired to resume the publication of Walpole's "Miscellaneous Antiquities," number 2 of which had appeared from Strawberry Hill in 1772. The first of the new series, "A Commonplace Book," was noted in these columns at the time when it appeared last year. Now from the Oxford University Press at its New York branch, comes the fourth volume, under the title given above, edited by Mr. Lewis from the original MS. in his collection.

As a contribution to the life and gossip of Lady Louisa's day it must be said that its peculiar fascination can best be appreciated by those who revel in that sort of thing. She was a tart and perspicacious commentator, whose "Notes" were, as the editor says, probably intended for the benefit of her great-nephews and -nieces. The literary and topical value of the work can better be appraised by those who know better than I do the persons and personages of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But the typographic success of the volume can be definitely assessed here.

The contents of this volume consists in the main of Jesse's remarks on Selwyn and his contemporaries, reprinted in italic from that book. Then follow Lady Louisa's engaging commentaries, and, in double column footnotes, Mr. Lewis's explanatory matter. The arrangement seems simple enough, but to combine logic in arrangement with admirable type (Caslon) and a harmonious choice of initial letters and correct margins is no slight task. The work concludes with a list of the published work of Lady Louisa Stuart, and a thorough index. It also contains a portrait (painted under amusing circumstances by Sir George Heyter) and a facsimile of the MS. of the notes. R.

The Form of Consecration of St. George's Chapel, Middletown, R. I.

THIS is a sextuodecimo of sixty-four pages, containing the order of services, the order of music, and the list of services, at the consecration of a school chapel. It is ritual printing of a high order. The type selected is a large size of Janson letter, similar to the famous Fell type of Oxford, set without leads, but, due to the normal length of the descending letters, having that virtue of "light" in the page which Ruskin (not a very safe guide in typography otherwise) correctly stipulated for. There is much italic, (for the hymns, etc.) and rubrication, to make a glorious piece of printing. Fitting paper and a rather liberal use of gilding on the cover complete a well devised scheme.

THE *News-Letter of the LXIVmos* for December 15th contained as its principal feature an "Index Provisorius Bibliographicus Librorum Minutorum Medicinalium" from the pen of Dr. Charles D. Humberd of Barnard, Missouri.

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Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister of Great Britain, on the occasion of the completion of the "Oxford English Dictionary" spoke in part as follows:

Now I may make another confidence to you. You all remember how Betteridge in "The Moonstone" used Robinson Crusoe as his "Sors Virgiliana." I have been using the Oxford Dictionary, and I began by trying pot-luck at the word "Cabinet," and I read that "Cabinet councils are a remedy worse than the disease." Then this morning—and you will see the appositeness of this in a moment—I held a Cabinet meeting from which some of my most prominent colleagues were absent, including, I may add, the Home Secretary. I opened my Oxford Dictionary, and what did I read? Under the head "Cabinet" this: "To-day the Duke was forced to go to the races while the Cabinet was held." Then, trying to frame the policy for that great party of which I happen to be the leader for the moment, I looked to see what Professor Craigie and his friends say on the word "Conservative." I have here a perfect guide to my conduct through the years: "Like a great English statesman, he was constitutionally conservative, but he had the tact to perceive the conditions under which, in critical times, conservatism is possible." Then I am going to use this at the next election: "Let no one presume to identify Conservatism with reaction." This I have kept from all my friends, but I will tell you to-night in confidence: "We find girls naturally timid, prone to dependence, but born conservatives." I wish my critics would read this book! I confess that one glance at "Politician" was enough: "1592, the Devil was so famous a politician that hell, which at the beginning was but an obscure village, is now become a huge city." That day, as Francesca said, "I read no farther."

Now I have only one or two more words to add. Lord Oxford once said that if he were cast on a desert island, and could only choose one author for company, he would have the forty volumes of Balzac. I choose the Dictinary every time. Like Ezekiel in the valley of dry bones, I should pray for the four winds to breathe upon those words, that they might emerge and stand upon their feet an exceeding great army. Our histories, our novels, our poems, our plays—they are all in this one book. I could live with this Dictionary of Professor Craigie. I choose it, and I think that my choice would be justified. It is a work of endless fascination. It is true that I have not read it—perhaps I never shall—but that does not mean that I do not often go to it.

Let me remind you of those words which Dr. Johnson used in his famous Preface about translators in his time, which I think are apt to-day: "If the changes that we fear be thus irresistible . . . it remains that we retard what we cannot repel; that we palliate what we cannot cure. Life may be lengthened by care, though death cannot be ultimately defeated; tongues, like Governments, have a tendency to degeneration; we have long perserved our constitution; let us make some struggle for our language."

The libel action brought against the Irish Statesman by Seumas Clandillon, Director of Broadcasting in the Irish Free State, and his wife for the review of a book on Irish folk songs may have disastrous consequences for the paper, according to a news dispatch to the New York *Evening Post*. The action ended indecisively, the jury being unable to agree on certain vital questions put to them by the judge, so that the paper will not be cast in damages, but the costs incurred in its defence have so seriously depleted its slender resources that there is a danger of its ceasing publication.

Learning of this, a number of leading writers and public men are raising a fund to relieve the paper of this burden, and insure that its editor George Russell (better known as "Æ") shall not be left without a forum for the advancement of his views. Included in the committee are George Bernard Shaw, Mrs. Stopford Green, W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, Robert Lynd, and Lord Lansdowne.

The George W. Jacobs Company, prominent Philadelphia booksellers, have won the $1,000 prize in the National Crime Club contest. They succeeded in procuring the greatest number of new members for the club. Philadelphia may now be considered the national center of amateur criminologists. . . .

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WILLIAM BOLITHO, *a neighboring columnist, and expert on the meteors of adventure compares* RIPLEY *to* HERODOTUS *and* PLINY

WALTER WINCHELL, *who showed The Main Stem how to Make Whoopee, compares* BELIEVE IT OR NOT *to* CROSS WORD PUZZLES

Today *The Inner Sanctum* has so much news to report—so much that is breathlessly exciting and unbelievable—that it must summon to its aid a number of neighboring columnists, as eye-witnesses extraordinary and confederates in a lordly assault upon American credulity.

First, *The Art of Thinking* has become an outstanding best-seller on all bookstore frontiers. At *Brentano's*, ABBÉ DIMNET'S plea for the good life and the delights of straight thinking is listed *first* in the field of general literature, directly ahead of *The Magic Island* and *Elizabeth and Essex*, two magnificent (*business of hat-doffing again*) entries from the house of HARCOURT BRACE.

Right behind these three leaders on the best-seller list is *Believe It or Not* by ROBERT L. RIPLEY.

The sales manager just crashed into the *Inner Sanctum* to announce that in Macy's, New York, and at Burrows Brothers, Cleveland, *The Art of Thinking* is *first* on the best-sellers list, and *Believe It or Not* THIRD.

The fiction leader is *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, published by *The Viking Press* (*The Inner Sanctum might as well remain bare-headed*).

November sales for *The Art of Thinking* were 380 copies [4 weeks], December sales 5,959 copies [5 weeks], and January sales up to January 26th [4 weeks and one to go] are already 11,024 copies [*no, this not a typographical error*]. As these lines are written, on January 26th, the weekly total reaches the new high of 4,365 copies.

On top of all this, *Believe It or Not* gets off to a spectacular start, exhausting the first edition in three days. The second and third are ready to be snapped up this week, following "raves" from WILLIAM BOLITHO and WALTER WINCHELL, handsprings in *The Nation*, and dancing in the streets by *The N. Y. Evening Post* and almost a hundred other papers throughout the republic.

"Read of fate's jokes in RIPLEY," says BOLITHO, who asks Americans to learn "the incontrovertible truth that life is miraculous, breathless, and good to live; that anything but the dull expected is possible, and only the marvelous, predictable and sure, and inexhaustibly enough to go around."

Says WALTER ["*Little Boy Peep*"] WINCHELL: "The most fascinating and most interesting book in a spell is ROBERT L. RIPLEY'S '*Believe It or Not*', which SIMON AND SCHUSTER just forwarded. It is chockful of immense information, and is the sort of tome you cannot put down until you've devoured every word and cartoon in it. It wouldn't surprise us at all if the Mah Jong and Cross Word Puzzle addicts make a new fad out of it!"

Sotto voce to the PRIDE OF THE WINCHELL CLAN: "*Consider yourself not surprised!*"

—ESSANDESS

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THE PHOENIX NEST

WE feel that we must pick up *Burges Johnson*, writing in the *North American Review*, on a small matter. In his department, "The Last Word," he reprints the famous sonnet "To Wordsworth," speaking of it as "that sonnet which so delighted English readers when it appeared, years ago, over the initials *J. H. S.*" Of course this may be a misprint, but the fact remains that the author of the sonnet was *James Kenneth Stephen*, a fact of which we are doubly reminded by the recent republication by Macmillan of his "Lapsus Calami and Other Verses." The initials spoken of would therefore have been, quite naturally, *J. K. S.* The original edition of "Lapsus Calami," appeared in '91. In it there is much of the sincerest form of flattery, and the title poem is in itself immortal, ending as it does with the far-flung lines, "When the *Rudyards* cease from kipling And the *Haggards* Ride no more." . . .

We congratulate the American Institute of Graphic Arts upon the presentation of their gold medal, at the Sixth Annual Exhibition of Printing for Commerce, to *Mr. W. A. Dwiggins* in recognition of his distinguished accomplishment in typographic design. The presentation was made during the meeting of the Institute on February fourth, by *Mr. F. G. Melcher*, Honorary President; and through the efforts of *Elmer Adler*, an exhibition of Mr. Dwiggins's work will be on view in the Institute room at the Art Center, 65 East 56th Street, to continue throughout February, during the week from 2 P. M. until 5 P. M.; Saturday until one o'clock. . . .

Herbert Asbury, who wrote "The Gangs of New York" and has edited Professor Jerry Thomas's "The Bon Vivant's Companion," recently returned to New York after a three weeks' tour of the Middle West during which he gathered material for the final chapters of his biography of *Carrie Nation*, to be published soon by Alfred A. Knopf. . . .

We lately mentioned "Isadora Duncan's Russian Days," published by Covici, Friede. Another book on Isadora, also sequential to her own autobiography, has just been brought out by Horace Liveright under the title of "The Untold Story," being the life of *Isadora* from 1921 to 1927. It fulfils a promise made by Madame *Desti* to the great dancer two days before the latter's death, namely to supply a sequel to "My Life," after a beginning had been made upon it by Isadora. Madame Desti was the dancer's closest friend and almost constantly with her from 1901 on. . . .

We are glad to see the Oxford Press announcing "The Life and Letters of *George Darley*," by *Claude Colleer Abbott*. We shall be glad to put this book up beside the recent life of *Beddoes*. Beddoes and Darley have always been our favorites among the too little appreciated English poets. Both had a seed of genius in them which never actually flowered save in fragments of ambitious works. Darley's dates were 1795-1846. His work has always had for us an especial charm. . . .

Ernest Rhys, editor of *Everyman's Library*, is now lecturing in this country, and the "Memoirs of *J. M. Dent*," published by E. P. Dutton, gives the life story of the creator of the Everyman series and of the earlier Temple Classics. Among the new Everyman's Library volumes are "A New Book of Sense and Nonsense," *William Hazlitt's* "The Plain Speaker," "Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities," and a volume of Restoration plays edited by *John Hampden*. . . .

Walter Lippmann's new volume is written for those who can no longer believe in the religion of their fathers, but who are not defiant or indifferent or proud because of their "freedom." It is called "A Preface to Morals." Mr. Lippmann these days directs the editorial page of the New York *World* and was formerly associate editor of *The New Republic*. . . .

We have given young *Mr. Elliot Holt* space of late, and now it becomes a necessity to explain that he intends to publish only one book a month and has a logical and economically sound argument to sustain him. His venture will be rather new in publishing. His first book will be "This Delicate Creature," by a new Irish writer, *Con O'Leary*, which will be issued the latter part of this month. . . .

Julian R. Norris of Evanston, Illinois, writes in to say that our wondering why the modern magazine went into a larger format was quite naive. Well, it was not profound, we will admit; we were wondering chiefly from the esthetic point of view. And despite what Mr. Norris says hereunder it doesn't make us, as a reader of magazines, like the large flat "book" any better. We know it's easier to get advertising for such a periodical, if the periodical is not one of the absolute leaders in its field. But we don't suppose *Harper's* contemplates spreading and sprawling. (Just for that it will probably go into a *Saturday Evening Post* size tomorrow!) However, hear Mr. Norris:

> You are much too sapient an individual to make a remark about the changing size of magazines in the naive way you did in your column of January 5th. Don't you realize that the small-size magazines are fighting for their lives nowadays? A magazine with the 224-line page simply cannot get enough advertising to make its publication a profitable venture. *Golden Book, Forum, Review of Reviews,* and *The World's Work* have all been forced to change their page size and it is only a matter of time before the other magazines in their select group will have to do likewise. As an instance of a magazine that is being squeezed out of existence look at *Century*. I can remember back eight years when this magazine carried nearly one hundred pages of advertising an issue. The most recent issue carried, I believe, about three pages of advertising. I doubt very much if any of the magazines specializing in high class editorial matter are making a decent return for their publishers nowadays. It is a really serious situation which will become more serious as time goes on. What can be done about it I have no idea as it is a situation in the control of the big advertisers. However, your remarks do not help these magazines in their fight for revenue and for the means to keep up their fine editorial sections. I cannot imagine someone not reading a really fine article because they did not like the size of the page. The advertiser wants a large size page and reading matter next to advertising. That explains the changes in magazines.

An amusing anecdote on the jacket-flap of *Clive Bell's* new book on *Proust* is taken from *Harold Acton's* novel "Humdrum," in which one of the characters remarks, "I have become so interested in swans since Proust wrote a book about them." The average reader may become more intelligently interested in Proust if he reads Mr. Bell first in the small book that he can almost slip into his pocket. Proust is a name to conjure with today but more often in the manner of prestidigitation, concealing ignorance under flip phrase. . . .

Horace Liveright presents a new book on *Baudelaire*, a translation by *John Mavin* of "Charles Baudelaire," by *François Porché*. We have dipped into it and found it quite absorbing. . . .

A new detective story by *John Rhode* is always good news to us. His latest (Dodd, Mead, of course) is "The House on Tollard Ridge." And speaking of detective stories, *Gerard Fairlie* has followed up his "Scissors Cut Paper" with "Stone Blunts Scissors." This is a new trick in titles in series and reminds us of "How the Old Woman Got Home," which is itself the title of an *M. P. Shiel* novel. . . .

One who has contributed some good ferocious sonnets to the best in the past has now a volume of poems to his credit in The Friendly Book series published by Harold Vinal. This is *Harvey Carson Grumbine*, of Washington, D. C. . . .

Henry Holt announces that the latest books of *Robert Frost*, "West-running Brook," and of *Robert C. Benchley*, "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea or David Copperfield," have run far ahead in sales of any previous volume by either author. . . .

Raymond Mortimer, in the current *Bookman*, tells us what we had heard rumored some months ago, that *Virginia Woolf's* "Orlando" is a portrait of *Mrs. Harold Nicolson*, who writes under her unmarried name of *V. Sackville West*. The book, of course, contains not only a long quotation from her poem, "The Land," but photographs of her as well as of the ancestors from which she shows herself descended. Knole, of the Sackvilles, "their house that is like a town, is English history made visible in stone and velvets and silver," says Mortimer. "A race of poets, these Sackvilles, who are patrons when they are not writers. The accretion of generations which you find at Knole is something peculiarly English. . . .

And so, flittingly,

THE PHOENICIAN.

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from page 672*)

one of intense interest. They had an unusual amount of skill with tools and a more unusual pair of brains—their perfecting of a flying machine is due in part to each and in part to a spirit that could not be conquered by defeat. What a wonderful moment it must have been, twenty-five years ago, in the bleak sand dunes of the Carolinas when their dream and goal came true: powered, controlled flight! Their methods of attack when confronted by a seemingly impossible problem offer much food for thought to boys. Mr. Charnley has written a great book for wide awake English-reading boys here and elsewhere.

THE SPANISH CARAVEL. By GERALD BULLETT. Illustrated by LAURENCE IRVING. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

A mysterious ship in a bottle, brought as a gift by a mysterious seafaring stranger who as mysteriously disappears again, is a thrilling enough beginning to any tale. The Robinson children take the little ship to the pond behind their house to launch it, and with the breaking of the bottle they suddenly find themselves masters of a real four-masted Spanish caravel, from the days of the Armada. The pond becomes an ocean, and they set sail for the island of the imagination, which they duly find, with the right accompaniment of bloodthirsty pirates, buried treasure, cannibals, and strange footprints on the sand, their adventures only terminating with the regretable English necessity of going home to tea. Gerald Bullett has imagined an amusing story, with some incident, little of the stage-property order, and an adult angle of humor rather too apparent at times, but all in the classical pirate-adventure style. It is a nice piece of drollery. The point he perhaps misses is that children, if interested in pirates at all, are apt to be serious about them, as about other important things, and the cloth-and-sawdust pirate, however gory and full of strange oaths, is a debatable substitute, belonging rather to the mock-heroic realm which is the province of the sophisticated.

THE BEGGING DEER. And Other Stories of Japanese Children. By DOROTHY ROWE. Illustrated by LYND WARD. Macmillan. 1928. $2.

The title story of Dorothy Rowe's tales of Japan is about a small boy who overcomes his fear of animals by feeding tame deer in a park. The "gentle deer at Nara, living testimonies to the all-embracing kindliness of Buddhism,"—so Mr. Carl Whiting Bishop puts it in his endorsing introduction. It is the kindliness in the family life of these little Japanese whose ways of living and thinking fill Mrs. Rowe's pages—it is this kindliness that makes the stories good fare for American children, and makes them charming reading, too. In their progress the tales gather interest and variety: the Boys' Festival with the warrior doll and the big paper carps hoisted like flags and swelling and writhing in the wind; the contest in flower arrangement the day the cherry tree bloomed; little Seiji selling pearls down on the dock when the Pacific liner comes in.

Mrs. Dorothy Rowe Marsh (her husband is Benjamin March, curator of Asiatic Art in the Detroit Institute of Arts) says that she has made seven trips into Japan. This is her third book of tales about Asiatic children.

The illustrations by Lynd Ward, many in line, some in full-page color, affect the Japanese style, and successfully except for facial traits. These faces are no more Asiatic than the Saxon amateur's with four slant lines of mascaro. Unfortunately, the manufacture of the book does not do justice to the careful writing: lack of agreement between the type page and the paper page gives unsightly margins, and the cover suggests the schoolroom, where this little book might well be used for reading, but the better without "looking it."

PRACTICAL HANDWORK FOR INFANTS AND JUNIORS. By *M. E. Wakefield*. Pitman.

MORE BOYS AND GIRLS OF HISTORY. By *Eileen* and *Rhoda Power*. Macmillan.

Miscellaneous

CHINA—IN SIGN AND SYMBOL. By LOUISE CRANE, with decorations by KENT CRANE. Shanghai: Kelly & Walsh. 1928. $12.50.

Adverse criticism is invited by the promising scope of this title, and we confess that we were a bit put out to find that we were not reading of "China" but of Peking, and not of "Sign and Symbol" except in the very narrow sense of the shop signs in that city.

Symbolism of every other sort is omitted, folk-lore and religion are treated only when they bear on the signs of the tradesmen, and at least seventeen provinces are unrepresented in the book. One would wish to know of the peculiar signs used by the Mohamedans in the west, of the prints stuck on door posts at the new year, of the charms pasted up to avert various illnesses and fire and flood, of the boat signs of the river population, and of a hundred other categories.

However, further perusal of the volume shows how varied these shop signs can be and what a wealth of lore is suggested by them. The author truly says that "volumes are left unsaid as inevitably must be the fate of any attempt at rendering a general presentment of some particular aspect of Chinese civilization." Having thus disarmed criticism she proceeds to give us not only the actual significance of the signs themselves but a wealth of delightful gossip concerning the goods for sale, the atmosphere of the shops and even a chapter on geomancy which will be of great interest to those persons who do not care to delve too deep into the European tomes (largely French) which have been written on that subject.

The chapter on the arrangement of the Peking funeral is as good as anything which exists in English on the subject. When the writer strays from shop signs to subjects seemingly far afield she does a useful service to the tourist who all too soon becomes dulled to the multitude of strange sights and sounds and feels hopeless of getting real answers to questions he would like to ask.

Indeed the whole effect of the volume is something as if it had been compiled by a particularly tireless and intelligent tourist—but one who never quite lost the detached sense of an outsider and who dined each evening in the Legation quarter with her own sort.

Really to write with authority (even on shop signs) one should identify one's self with the people somewhat closer than she seems to do. One should make explanations and state facts from the native rather than the foreign point of view. But our author has chosen the franker method and makes no pretenses of any sort.

The reader can at first hardly believe that the illustrations which faithfully follow each item are not the work of a Chinese draughtsman, so adequately has Mr. Kent Crane caught the simple and almost diagramatic rendering which we associate with Chinese illustration and so well do the colors fetch us back to the Orient.

MAKING GOODS AND MAKING MONEY. By HORACE TAYLOR. Macmillan. 1928. $2.50.

Whether the production of goods for profit implies a restricted production or an increased production, is the problem with which this book is concerned. Those familiar with the position on this subject taken in the writings of Professor Veblen and followed in some of the writings of Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell, will find that this volume is traversing a familiar field. Its new contribution is its attempt to analyze the extent to which production for profit does, in the light of all available business statistics and records, seem to result in a curtailment of production which is serious from the social point of view.

The author is exceedingly careful in reaching any absolute conclusion, since he ends finally with the view that is midway between that represented by the school of Veblen and by the classical economists. The book does, however, supply a wholesome corrective to the too simple view of the present economic situation which Veblen has made popular. The influence of mass production and mass selling are here taken account of in a way which appreciably modifies Veblen's position in the interest of greater realism as to current facts.

THE PAGEANT OF THE STARS. By WILLEM J. LUYTEN. Doubleday, Doran. 1929.

This book tells an interesting story in an interesting way. The illustrations, both rhetorical and pictorial, are excellent and fresh. Without using any mathematical or technical terms, the author introduces the reader to the amazing advances that astronomy has made in recent years, and gives him a glimpse of their philosophical import.

THE CASE OF CONSTANCE KENT. By *John Rhode*. Scribners. $2.

LANDU. By *F. A. Mackenzie*. Scribners. $2.

MUSIC FOR YOUNG CHILDREN. By *Alice G. Thorn*. Scribners. $1.25.

STAGE LIGHTING. By *Theodore Fuchs*. Little, Brown. $10 net.

THE BUREAU OF BIOLOGICAL SURVEY. By *Jenks Cameron*. Johns Hopkins Press. $2.

ACHIEVEMENT TESTS IN THE MODERN FOREIGN LANGUAGES. By *V. A. C. Henmon*. Macmillan.

DEVELOPMENT OF GOVERNMENTAL FOREST CONTROL IN THE UNITED STATES. By *Jenks Cameron*. Johns Hopkins Press. $3.

Poetry

WIND OUT OF BETELGEUSE. By MARGARET TOD RITTER. Macmillan Company. 1928. $1.25.

This little volume contains some pleasing verses and many that smell of the lamp. The portrait impressions, that of Pavlowa in particular, and the other sonnets, achieve a finer style than the lyrics. One might distinguish poetry and the poetic in this book, for, in spite of some intricate lyric fashions that are as farfetched as wind out of Betelgeuse, the author has written admirable lines.

MANY DEVICES. By *Roselle Mercier Montgomery*. Appleton. $2.

POEMS. By *Anne Countess of Winchilsea*. Harpers.

EARTHBOUND AND OTHER POEMS. By *Helene Mullins*. Harpers. $2.

SENTINEL. By *Mary Siegrist*. Vinal.

WINTER VIGIL. By *Moreby Acklom*. Vinal.

THE WHITE PEACOCK. By *Clement Wood*. Vinal.

THIS SIDE OF AVALON. By *Glenn Ward Dresbach*. Vinal.

JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS. Edited by *George L. Marsh*. Oxford University Press. $1.25.

THE SCEPTERED FLUTE. By *Sarojininaidu*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

APRIL COMES EARLY. By *Carl John Bostelmann*. Vinal.

VAISHNAVA LYRICS. By *Surendranath Kumar, Nandalal Dalta,* and *John Alexander Chapman*. Oxford University Press. $1.85.

THE POEMS OF HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY. Edited by *Frederick Morgan Padelford*. University of Washington Press.

THE GOLDEN ROOM. By *Wilfrid Gibson*. Macmillan. $2.50.

LAPSUS CALAMI AND OTHER VERSES. By *James Kenneth Stephen*. Macmillan.

THE PILLAR AND THE FLAME. By *Alice Lightner*. Vinal.

VIGNETTES IN VIOLET. By *Marion Perham Gale*. Vinal.

STRAY LEAVES. By *Stanton J. D. Fendell*. Vinal.

STRAY THOUGHTS. By *Benjamin H. Roberts* and *Dell Mae Roberts*. Vinal.

TOWARDS THE STARS. By *Alice Barkley*. Vinal.

PEEPS AT PARNASSUS. By *Olga Katzin*. Coward-McCann. $2.

ZALKA PEETRUZA. By *Raymond Garfield Dandridge*. Cincinnati: McDonald.

THE TOWN AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD. By *Cora Smith Gould*. Street & Smith.

TWILIGHT HOURS. By *Arnold Ackerman*. Dean. $1.

OUT O'ER THE HILLS. By *Garrett A. Osborn*.

AMETHYST MIST. By *Charles Anthony*. Vinal. $1.

SINGING SILENCE. By *Lachlan Campbell*. Vinal. $1.

THE SEER OF CONCORD. By *Katherine Finnigan Anderson*. Vinal. $1.

ERRANT HEART. By *Jean Seiwright*. Vinal. $1.

THE MIRRORED HEART. By *R. Henderson Bland*. Vinal. $3.

MY HORSES ARE GRASSHOPPERS. By *Gordon Lawrence*. New York: Chisholm Press.

ALONG OLD TRAILS. By *William Haskell Simpson*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

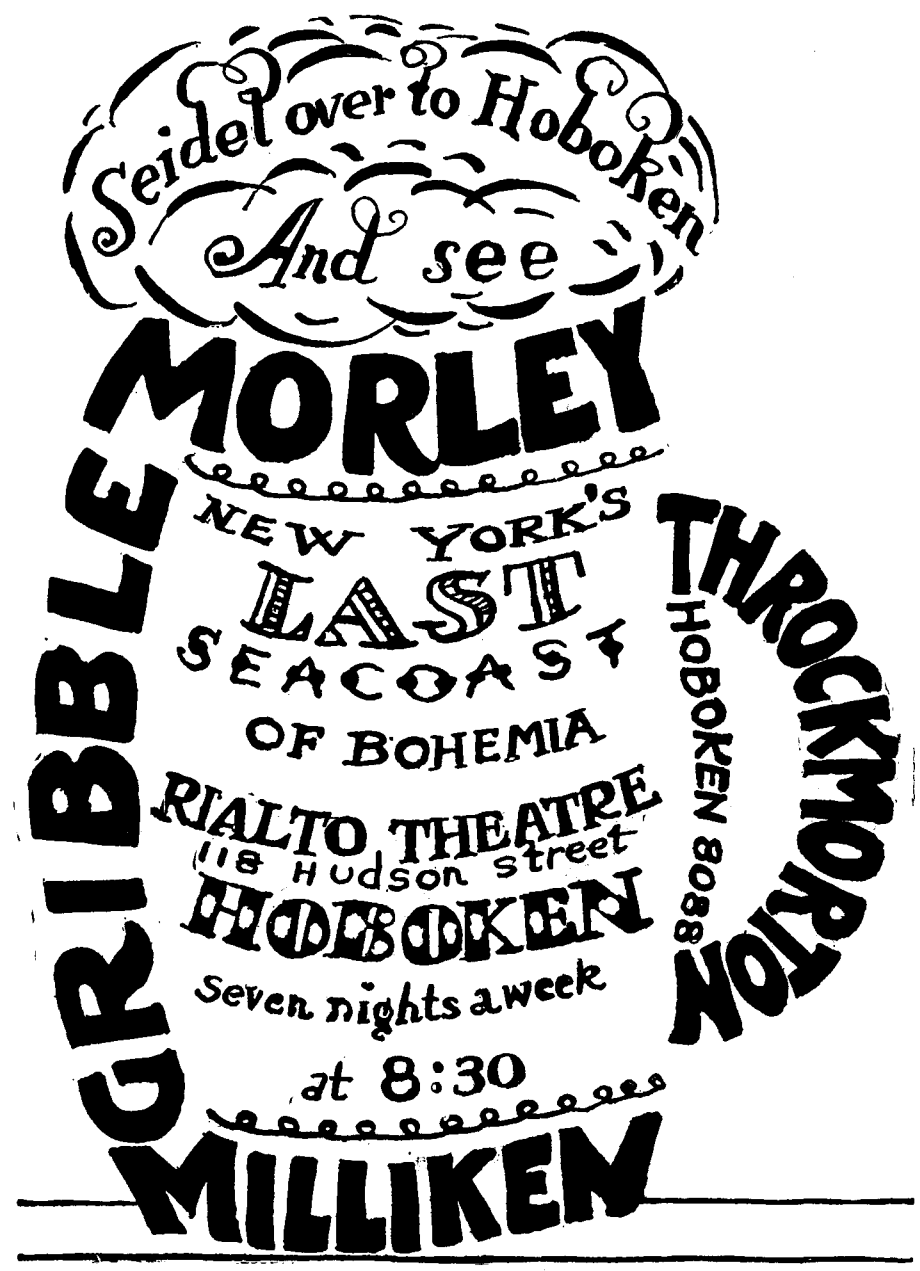
THE CHASE. By *Harvey C. Grumbine*. Vinal. $1.

PROGRESSION AND OTHER POEMS. By *A. M. Sullivan*. New York: Chisholm Press.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 53. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best poem called "Any Poet to Any Stockbroker" in the lyrical manner of Robert Browning. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of February 25.)



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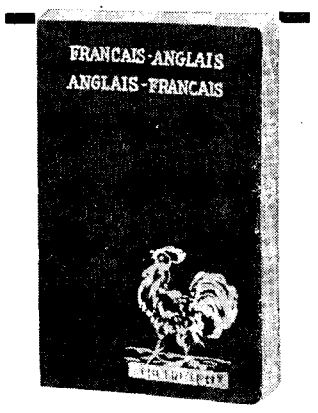

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